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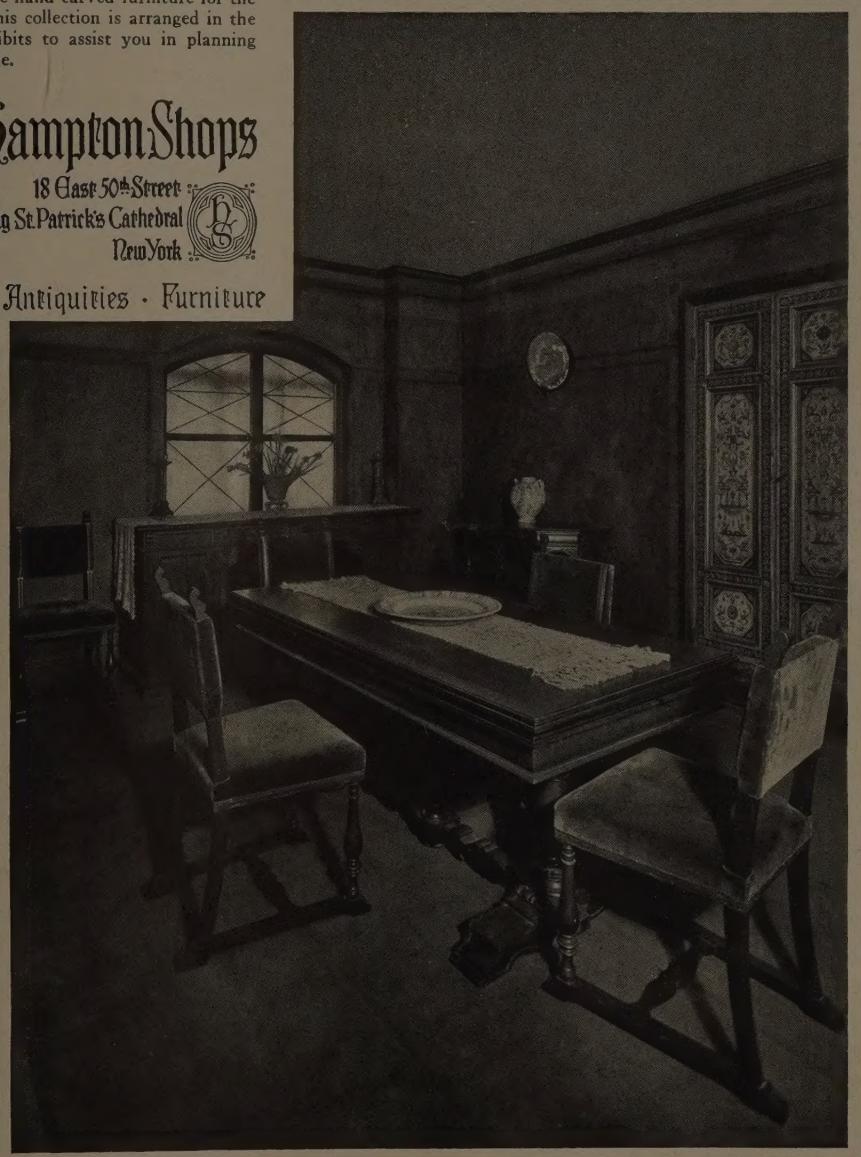
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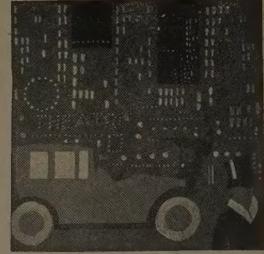
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THEATRE MAGAZINE'S PLAY GUIDE



B. F. Keith's

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The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

FOR those out-of-towners coming to New York for the month of June it has occurred to the Play Guide column that it might be edifying to offer one or two sample "menus," so-to-speak, of what would make up an interesting day. You may nibble at the different items of these, or, since the calories are well planned for a balanced diet, they may be swallowed whole.

Let us imagine then, for fun, that there are two of you and that you have arrived in New York late of an evening on one day in order to be ready for an early morning start on the next. Doubtless the masculine side of the house will begin his morning by getting some business off his mind, and that will leave you free for any shopping errands of your own. Plan to meet each other for lunch at *The Elysee* on East 56th Street, where so many smart and intelligent people like to go. And perhaps you yourself will have time to potter around for an hour beforehand at *Lans* on Madison Avenue, where there are so many interesting antiques to behold and to admire.

After lunch, if George may be induced, take him to vaudeville at *The Palace*, and on coming out, cross over to Fifth again and "tea" at *Hicks' Balcony*, 675 Fifth Avenue, above the famous fruit shop of that name. Dinner at *The Plaza* would be a good addition to this particular "menu," *Merton of the Movies* to follow for your theatre, and *The Plantation* to wind up the night . . . or rather morning.

Another day you would get variety with this menu. Go down to "the Village," and nip in and out of some of the amusing small shops there. Only don't go when the dew is on the grass, as it were, since "the Village," which takes its night-time playtime seriously must have its early morning nap. We think, however, we can safely promise you that "The Village Weavers" on Fourth Street will be up and weaving at whatever hour you arrive, and their shop is a fascinating place

to visit. For luncheon come back uptown and go to *Maillard's* new place on Madison Avenue which has just been opened. It has a most continental air and a special luncheon service for men. Choose *Jeanne Eagels* in *Rain* for your matinee. Go afterwards to the restful and distinguished atmosphere of the *St. Regis* for your tea, making an easy transition to *The Ritz* for dinner. Pepped up by this, we suggest that clever little musical comedy *Elsie* as an after-dinner cordial, and then wind up with a bite and a dance in *The Ambassador Grill*.

Of course we have to admit that these menus are somewhat strenuous in their nature, leaving you little breathing space. So as an alternative, we suggest what we might call a more conservative program, to run something like this.

Suppose you start your day with a bus ride up Riverside Drive or up Fifth Avenue to 110th Street. Amazingly enough, by the way, bus rides, extra-utilitarian ones we mean, retain their charm even for the perpetual and sophisticated New Yorker. And "Let's take a bus ride" is still a perfectly valid invitation to give a lady, especially of a warm evening. A fair enough guarantee, we submit!

Coming back from your ride, you might like to stop off at the Metropolitan Museum, or ride directly down as far as 34th Street and walk one block west to the *McAlpin Hotel*, where you may have a corking lunch for a dollar and a quarter amidst gracious surroundings. Linger over your repast till two and then wander leisurely

up Broadway to *The Rialto* at Forty-second or a bit further on to *The Strand* or *The Rivoli*, if you find you prefer their bills. Two twenty-five is a good minute to arrive as sharp on the half hour the overture plays, and following it, the program of the day runs through . . . till four-thirty.

That gives you a nice hour in which to tea, and *Huyler's Tea Room* on Fifth Avenue above 42nd St. would be just the place for that. You would entertain yourself with the smart



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Going to New York?

From
Arthur L.
Lee

HAVE you ever, in your travels, found a Hotel (probably of moderate size) where the Owner or Manager, by his personal interest in your comfort and welfare, made your stay conspicuously pleasant?

If so, you are looking forward to another visit—and that is just the atmosphere that now pervades the Hotel McAlpin.

If you will write me personally the requirements of yourself or family, I will see that you are exactly suited.

My staff, both male and female, from the house manager to the bell boy, are trained to make the smallest detail of your stay, both in and out of the Hotel, a series of pleasant experiences by their courteous, unobtrusive interest.

The McAlpin equipment, furnishings and cuisine are reputed to be unsurpassed, if equalled, by any Hotel here or abroad.

But aside from this, if there is any detail, great or small, in which I can help during your stay, let me know and I shall never be too busy to demonstrate my desire to establish with you the interest of a host with his guest rather than a manager with his patron.

Thus do I believe I will succeed in leaving with you the cordial desire to make the Hotel McAlpin your New York home in the future.

ARTHUR L. LEE, Manager.

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in **"RAIN"**

from W. Somerset Maugham's story
"Miss Thompson"

débutantes and women who have the habit of dropping in there at that time. Take a short rest at your hotel before dinner, and then, if you like dancing, or to watch it, go to the Pennsylvania Hotel and dine and dance on the roof there, one of the most popular warm weather places for dancing in town. Dancing is from seven to one, and the music is by the Vincent Lopez Pennsylvania Dance Orchestra.

Another program of more or less the same type might start its morning with a visit to the art galleries, on Fifth Avenue, of Knoedler (around 46th Street), or Gimpel and Wildenstein (a few blocks further up), . . . or both, where you are sure to find some exhibition of special merit. Then since you will be in the region of New York's Rue de la Paix, Fifty-seventh Street, that is to say, you might lunch at *The Russian Eagle* between Madison and Park. On the first floor *The Eagle* holds forth as a dinner and after-the-theatre rendezvous, and in the basement as an original spot for luncheon. You will be intrigued, we think, by the Russian bill of fare.

If it is a Thursday and Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters are still playing in *Romeo and Juliet*, matinee tickets would be an extremely wise investment. If not, whatever *The Theatre Guild* is producing. After the matinee for enlivenment go to *The Biltmore* to tea and to dance. And if you are planning another trip to the theatre in the evening, a suggestion to which we tip you off is to make of your tea rather a long-drawn-out, hearty little meal, what the English might call "high tea." Since, both because of the time it consumes and because of the high price of eating, the New Yorker is constantly tending to simplify his food problems, he has hit upon this little plan of eliminating a meal. Besides it fits in with the better modern dietetic recommendations. You can stuff yourself gloriously full with toast and jam and buttered scones, with no tiresome inhibitions attendant upon the fact that there is another meal to be despatched immediately on the heels of tea. And after the theatre you will appreciate all the more your midnight supper.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

When planning your playgoing, send for a copy of *Theatre Magazine's Play Guide*. It directs you to the kind of play you want to see. It will tell you where all the interesting people go afterwards. It tips you off to the smart dancing clubs, the chic cafes and the correct beauty shops, where loveliness, the better with which to enjoy these gaieties, may be purchased.

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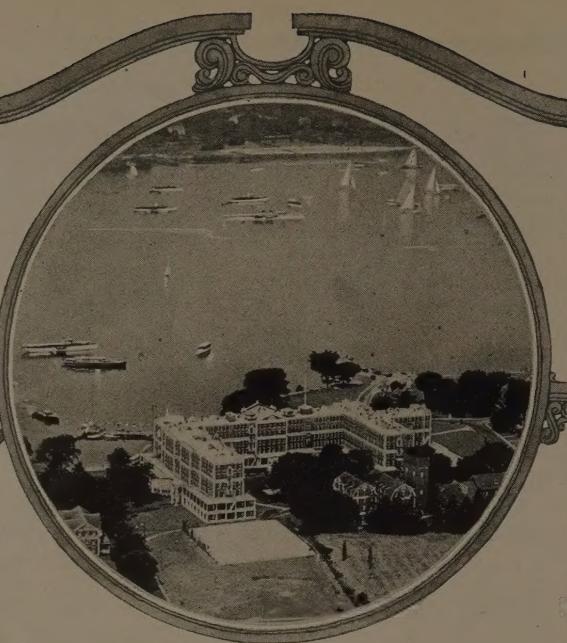
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII. No. 267.

JUNE, 1923



Goldberg

MAURICE SWARTZ
In "The Inspector General"

Helen Menken as Diane.

C O V R A G E



Charles Sheldon.

Famous Stage Personalities

No. 2. HELEN MENKEN

A Series of Portrait Drawings Executed by Charles Sheldon for Theatre Magazine

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



Olla Podrida

The Flood of Stage Filth Must Be Checked

WITH the bogey of a State theatrical censorship becoming each day more threatening in view of an aroused public opinion regarding certain recent productions of a particularly offensive and daring character, it is time that playwrights, players and theatre managers, who have the interest of their profession at heart, call a halt and consider seriously before it is too late how far the present unrestrained license in stage dialogue and situation shall be allowed to go.

No lover of the drama wishes to see a Censorship established. Official meddling of the sort would not only add enormously to the producer's present difficulties, but the theatregoing public itself would suffer. Even an intelligent Censorship is liable to error and officious overzealousness. Blundering and conflict of opinion among the judges might well result in the suppression of really worthy plays, ending in the stifling at birth of that virile native dramatic genius which today is competing successfully with the best Europe has to offer. American dramatic art subjected to the tender mercies of a political job? Perish the thought. There must be no Censorship.

Yet something must be done to avert the threatening official action and stem the rising flood of stage filth. If things go on as they are doing—getting worse instead of better—the authorities will be forced sooner or later to interfere in the interest of public order.

The line must be drawn somewhere. After the indecencies of *The Rubicon* and the obscenities of *The God of Vengeance*, comes *The Adding Machine*, a play with one episode so foul as to be absolutely inexcusable. The author is one of the most successful and respected of our younger playwrights. There is much to admire in his play—the sincere effort of an *intellectuel* to awaken compassion for the downtrodden of the earth—but this particular scene, which has nothing to do with the main theme and which we have taken care to omit from the condensation of the play given elsewhere in this issue, stinks to Heaven with all the obscenity and horror of a gaping, festering wound. The scene is a graveyard. Into this solemn place of death enters a prostitute followed timidly by a male companion whom she taunts with having selected the cemetery in order to economize the price of a room. Cynically, by word and gesture, she suggests that their indecencies be performed on a freshly made grave. The man flees in horror and, after their departure, the tombs open and the corpses sit up and swap post-life experiences.

Shall the line be drawn here or are there still worse horrors to come? What further nightmares will the imaginative playwright invent in the name of art and truth to shock every decent instinct in his audiences?

Something must be done. If the playwrights and producers cannot, or will not, curb the present tendency toward the erotic and obscene, the only hope left lies in the actor. The players have recently shown great capacity for organization. It is hoped and believed that their power will be used only in the best interest of the art they serve.

Here surely is a case where their strength and authority might well be invoked to check what is fast becoming an intolerable scandal. The Actors' Equity should see to it that none of its members take part in any play that contains a scene calculated to bring contempt and obloquy on the player's profession. Another St. George, let the modern Roscius gird his loins and destroy the slimy-mouthed beast which threatens to disgrace his calling and again bring it into disrepute.

Why Not Harness the Critics?

A NEW YORK actor-manager said the other day that the critic of a morning newspaper had "roasted" his play, yet had sat through only two acts of it. He complained bitterly that he had been condemned without a hearing which, on the face of it, is unconstitutional.

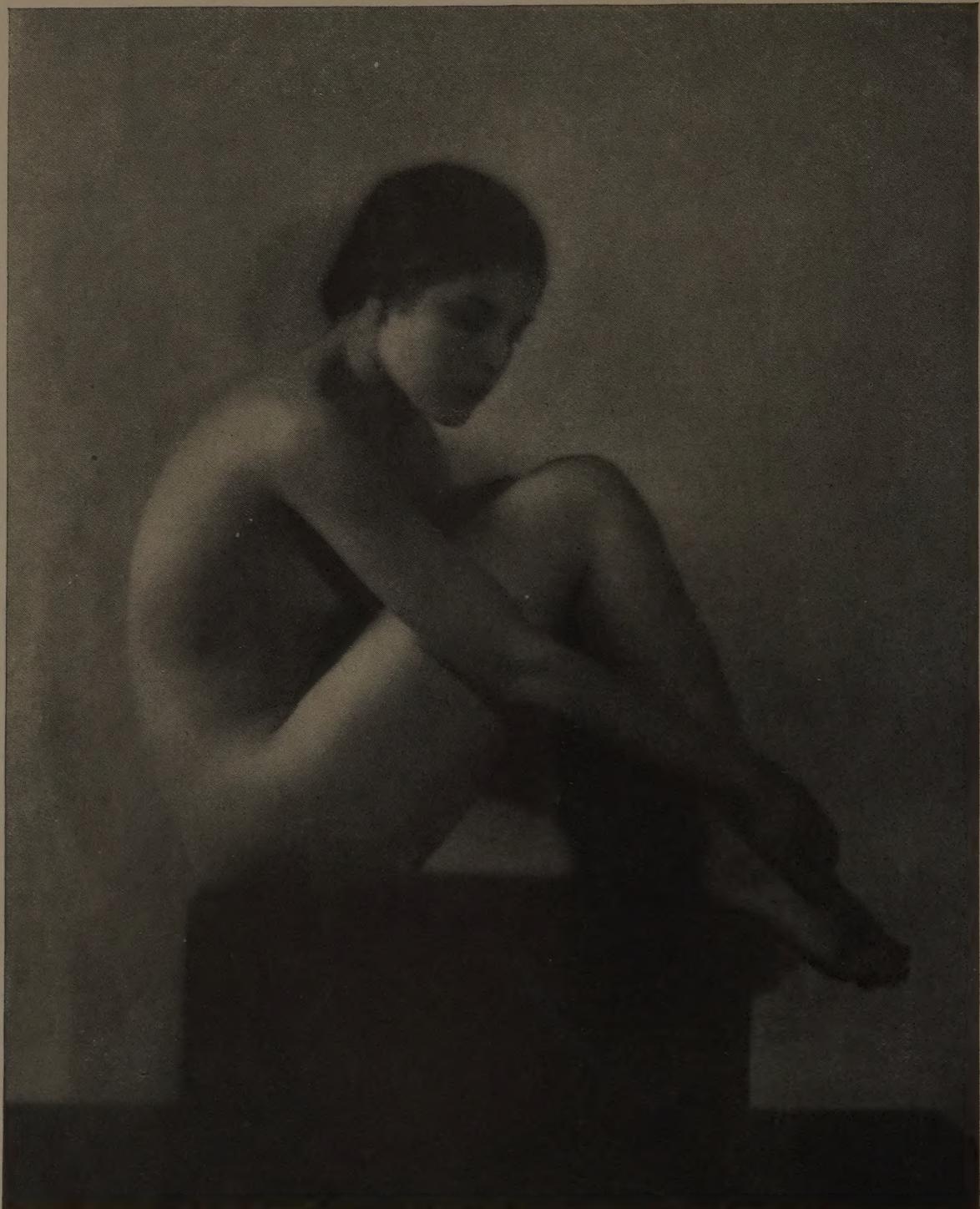
The grievance appears to be well founded. Are critics mere pleasure seekers that they should consider themselves at liberty to leave the theatre when the play has ceased to entertain them? Are they not as much on duty as the wretched mummer who must go on sweating under his make-up, no matter how cold and hostile he feels his audience? What right has the critic to "soldier" on his job?

Some plays, it must be admitted, are pretty bad. I should hesitate to sentence my worst enemy to sit through certain shows I could name. Critics are only human. An evening at home—a good book or a romp with the kiddies—seems a lot better than a stupid musical comedy. Yet the manager is right from his point of view. His investment, his reputation, his credit, are at stake. What the newspapers say about his production is going to make or break him. He invites the critic to the new show, gives him the best seats. He may not expect a good notice in return for his courtesy (and his advertising), but at least he expects a full hearing. He says he seldom gets it.

The critic does not attempt to excuse himself. He admits that he ought to see a play out before criticising it. He is ready to confess that the present practice of sneaking away in the gloom at the end of the second act is a violation of strict professional ethics. Yet if one critic is compelled to stay, all should be. But how?

The only obvious remedy is to chain the reviewer to his seat. Since the gentlemen of the press always occupy the same chairs at every new production it would be easy to equip these press seats with a chain and padlock, which the lady usher could snap to directly the critic arrives. Once fastened, the time clock would hold him there until the final curtain.

The cure may be worse than the disease. But it's worth trying if only to satisfy those managers who feel they are not getting a square deal. If the unhappy critic has to suffer abominably from having to sit uselessly and hopelessly through atrocious plays—he must consider himself a soldier for the cause, an advanced sentinel of the dramatic art he loves to serve. And when his hour of release comes, he can hie himself to his office and pour out the vials of his just wrath. Then, maybe, the manager will be sorry he did not let him go at the end of the first act.



DANCER IN REPOSE

Camera Study of Lena Basquette by Maurice Goldberg

Outside the "Vicious Circle"

An Expert Playgoer Protests Against the "Log-Rolling Methods" of Present Day Criticism

By A FIRST-NIGHTER

The following article, written by a theatregoer of long and wide experience, is a reply to an article on Metropolitan dramatic criticism, which appeared in our issue of last January under the title: "The Brethren of the Vicious Circle" by One of Them." —THE EDITOR.

ACOWARD nowadays will confess he bootlegs. But it takes a brave man to describe himself, even playfully, as "one of the brethren of the Vicious Circle." The average person might be scared by what, in the "Circle," would be hailed as a smart joke. Yet, some months ago, in this very magazine, a critic of the stage, still unidentified, had this temerity. His purpose was, no doubt, to kill the suspicion, which had been voiced in shouts and murmurs here and there, that the fortunes of new plays and their producers are settled, in a hole and corner way, by a group of "log-rollers," who lunch together in an uptown restaurant.

At a table in this widely advertised eating-house, the critics were supposed to frame up edicts on the productions of the hour; to raise or turn down thumbs as pleased their fancies; and, in a spirit of most disconcerting levity, to pre-arrange the fate of plays and actors. The dear Public had heard nothing of such pipe-dreams. But, in the managerial sanctums and the wings of Broadway theatres, the "Vicious Circle" was, according to that critic, a reality. In a cheerful mood he wrote to destroy this impression. And, by his own act, he set many of us wondering. He may have cleared himself and others of the brethren of the major charge—conspiracy. But he was not quite so successful in his reply to the more trivial charge of "log-rolling." For it is easy to "protest too much."

COMMENT WITHOUT DIGNITY

HE also led some of his older readers to hark back to times when, in New York and in some other cities, the critics of the stage, although less nimble with their pens than the young bloods of the suspected "Circle" are today, were, by and large, more modest and, as some think, more serious.

I do not know how vicious or how virtuous are the reviewers who just now adorn our theatres. This I do know, though: that, despite their fluency, they fret us very often by their flightiness.

It may seem amusing to the "Vicious Circle" if I say that there are playgoers even now who take their drama in dead earnest. I am one of them. And, though I stand outside the "Vicious Circle," I speak with what, to those who are acquainted with me, seems authority.

From my youth up I have been a steady playgoer—a first-nighter. I love the stage and set it very high. To me drama is at times as real as life. It may be the faithful mirror of the age. It may be much more than that—a church and forum. I like to see it treated with respect. Not as a passing show, a booth for strutting puppets,

but as a place in which a period is reflected, in which follies may be lashed, and truth made plain. I like to feel too, that it is a blessed outlet for what poetry still lingers in the world.

I am less interested in the private doings of our actors than in their public performances. Nor do the best or worst of those performances mean half so much to me as the plays which they may interpret.

The brethren of the "Circle"—the most nimble of them—do not, I greatly fear, share my opinion. They talk too much about the players of the hour, too little of the plays and what they stand for. I speak for thousands, and maybe for tens of thousands, when I object to being fed up, week by week, with idle chatter about chorus girls and "movie" stars, and futile gossip about Broadway leading ladies. It matters nothing to me what "stars" think of Shakespeare, or what their managers pretend to think of acting. This sort of babble does not help the stage. It makes it vulgar and it leads nowhere. If I were a newspaper critic, I should leave gossip to the bright and airy press agents. It is not fair to rob them of their means of livelihood. I'd give them all their chance and stick to criticism.

Our young reviewers write with weird facility. And some of them, I admit, write very well. The pity is, they are much too self-satisfied, too eager to show off their own agility, too painfully cocksure about themselves. It seems to me that they attach too much importance to what they "see at night"—or, rather, to what they believe they see. They shout too loudly and impulsively at actors. They murmur, when they should attempt to reason. Taking Shaw and a few others as their models, they chaff or praise or hit their brethren of the "Circle" both in and out of season. They treat their jobs as children do their shuttle-cocks, as if their readers cared a jot about their games.

NO STANDARDS OR BACKGROUNDS

THE critics of a day some can recall would have been "fired" if they had advertised one another. They took their work and what they wrote about less giddily and tried, at least, to set their readers thinking. There were exceptions. But they did not count. One, perhaps two, among them were buffoons. Two or three others, I am told, were—well, plain highwaymen. The rest were honest. And the worst of them had standards, backgrounds, memories. I am told that there are brethren in the "Circle" who boast and swank because they have no backgrounds. To them the glory of a Siddons seems unreal. The Bernhardts and the Irvings are back numbers. The Greeks, for all they care, need not have lived. Elizabethans and the classicists of France are hardly names to them. A casual Ben-Ami, or a new actress who exploits her

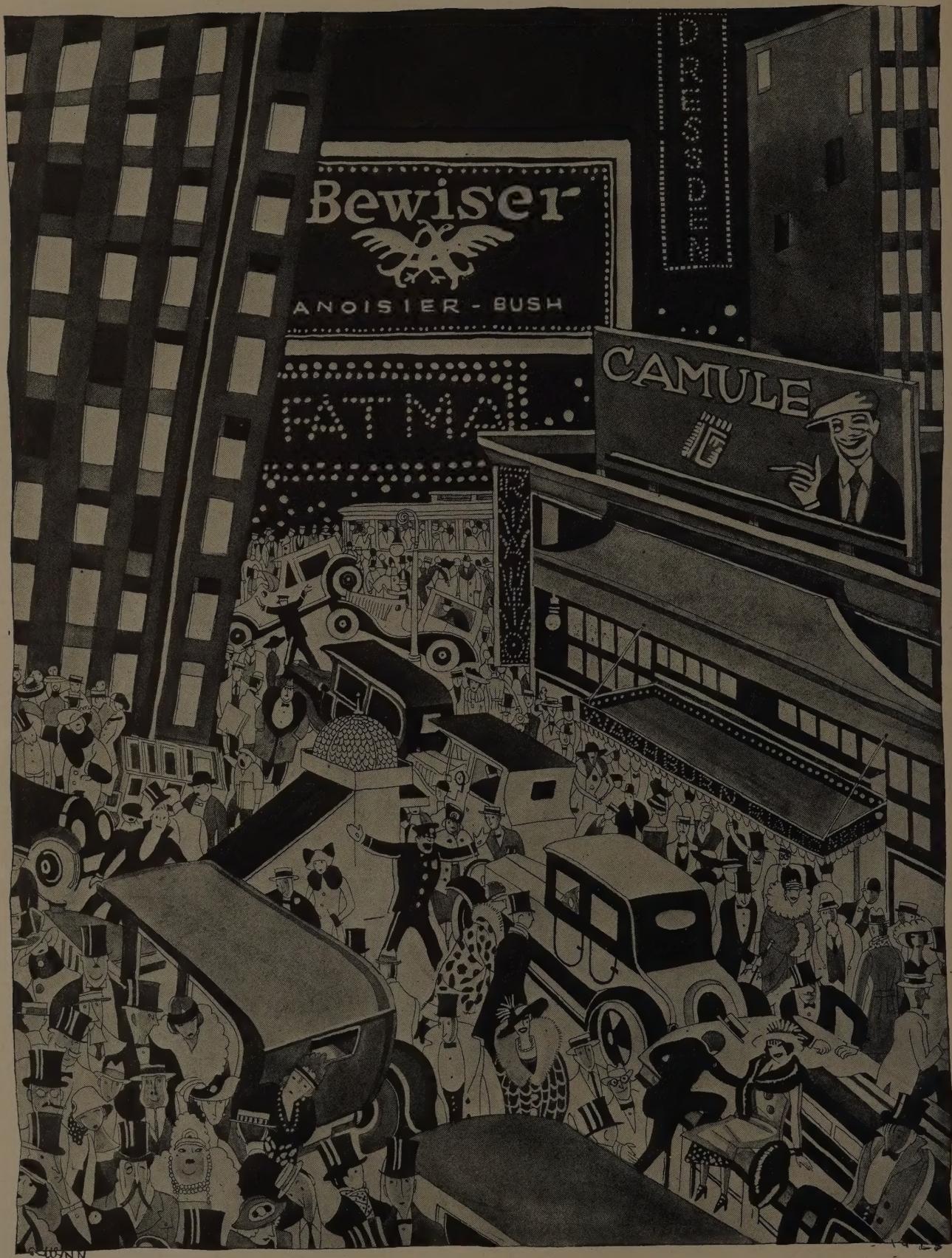
personality stirs them to rapture. Their world begins and ends hard by Times Square or in the busy "Loop" adjoining Wabash Avenue. It takes a troupe of loudly trumpeted Russian actors to make them curious about foreign art. They edified us lately by the fits they threw in praise of plays to them quite unintelligible, and by the certainty with which they sang glad paeans about their interpreters. They will all lose their heads over Max Reinhardt. They only murmured when (perhaps for the first time) they had to pass judgment (God-a-mercy!) on Sarah Bernhardt.

REVIEWERS OF OTHER DAYS

IT must have been one of these merry brethren who, when she died, insulted the good sense of his readers, in an important newspaper, by proclaiming that it was not technique or "the knowledge and self-control acquired by patient study" that made Bernhardt great. Such "breaks" as that would, thirty years ago, have been impossible. William Winter, who held forth then in the *Tribune*, might denounce Bernhardt on moral grounds. But he could scarcely have denied her aesthetic assets. Edward Dithmar of the *Times*, was rather heavy. But, except when he was writing of French and German plays, his opinions had the merit of sobriety. Franklin Fyles had, as a general rule, much balance, if not a very smart or glittering style. The comments of the reviewer for the *Press*, Hilary Bell, were bright and sensible. Some of the critics—Winter and his friend Dithmar, bowed too abjectly, maybe, to Augustin Daly. But this they did, I think, because—honestly, if not always rightly—they looked on Daly's as the best of all the New York homes of drama. They rarely wasted praise on actors of small merit. And, if they never scoffed at Shakespeare or at Sheridan, why should we blame them? At all events, they did not stoop to flippancy. They shouted for accepted gods of art. Their favorites—they had favorites—were Irving, Terry, Mansfield, Coquelin, Duse, Coghlan, Booth, and (setting aside Winter, a hard-boiled Puritan) Sarah Bernhardt. They did not rave when some chance hit was made by an actor who traded on his temperament, or by some actress who could play herself successfully. Their pronouncements bespoke thoughtfulness and scholarship. Within limits—well defined—they really criticized.

Apart from all the writers I have mentioned, there were reviewers of a different style and kind. Andrew Wheeler (better known then as "Nym Crinkle") who coruscated—somewhat meretriciously but cleverly—in the morning *World*. Towse, of the *Evening Post*, spoke and still speaks with authority. James Huneker, for a time of the *Recorder*, Charles Henry Meltzer of the *Herald*, and one Vance

(Continued on page 60)



The Broadway Maelstrom at Theatre Hour

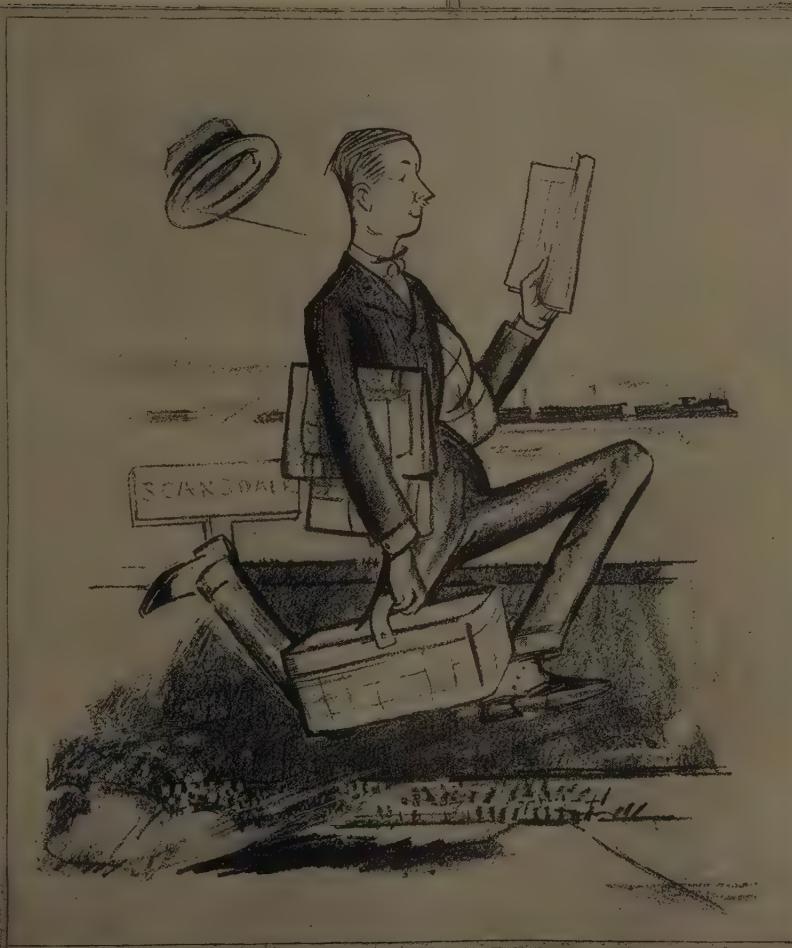
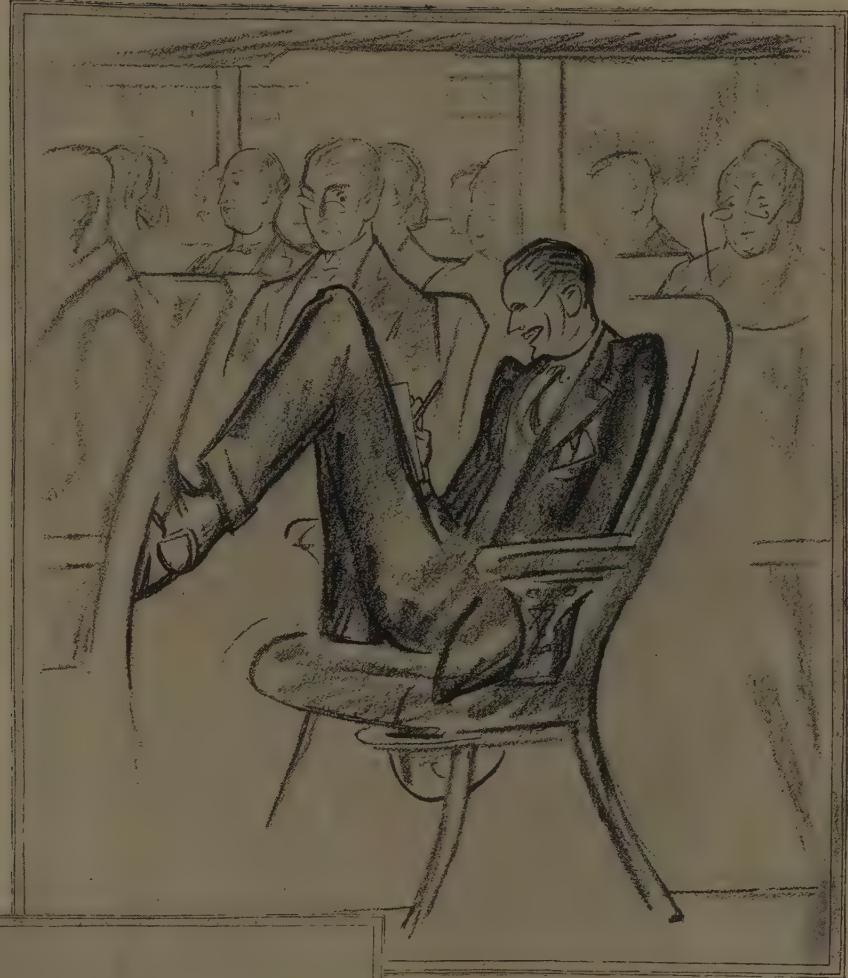
(As Seen by Wynn)

Theatre Magazine Exposes
the New York Critics

Caricatures by
Richard Lahey

No. 2

Next Month: John Corbin of the *New York Times* and Percy Hammond of the *Tribune*.



Should you want to impress your country cousin by pointing out celebrities in the theatre, take her to a first night, glance all over the orchestra until you see a chap in an aisle seat, twisted up in a knot, scribbling on a program. That is KENNETH MACGOWAN writing his piece for the *Globe*.

ROBERT BENCHLEY, the theatrical commentator of *Life*, achieved fame as the one person in New York who didn't like *Chauve Souris*. There were others, but they lacked the medium, also the adjectives, to express themselves. Mr. Benchley is an open air critic—that is to say, he commutes. One reason, perhaps, why his critical sense is so sane and fresh.



MARIA CARMI AS THE VIRGIN IN REINHARDT'S PRODUCTION "THE MIRACLE"

Reinhardt—Supreme Master of Stagecraft

Impressive Religious Spectacles the Latest Expression of the Producer's Genius

By PAUL BECHERT

GERMANY'S famous stage director, Max Reinhardt, made a flying visit to New York last month to look over the theatrical field here with a view to making productions with American actors of the spectacular plays he has done in Europe. If arrangements can be made, the proposed engagement will start in November or December next, the plays probably including Hofmannsthal's *The Miracle* and his more recent success, Calderon de la Barca's morality play, *The World Theatre*. These productions are so big and require so vast a stage that no ordinary theatre could house them, so it is likely that Madison Square Garden will be selected as the most suitable place as was Olympia in London.

Reinhardt has not visited America since 1911 when he brought to this country the Oriental ballet *Sumurun*, the forerunner and prototype of those fantastic, gorgeously costumed, highly colored, sensuous dances that inspired the decorative genius of Bakst and other artists, and later were used with great effect and success by the Russian ballet. *Sumurun* perhaps did more to influence the new scenic art than any other single production of modern times.

CHANGE IN IDEAS

FOR the past two years Reinhardt has been taking an active part in the great art festivals at Salzburg, the little Austrian city situated on the banks of the Salzbach River, the birthplace of Mozart, the traditional city of archbishops who many centuries ago built the wonderful old palaces and churches which lend to the city a peculiar scent of romance such as one may experience in but few European towns. It was in one of these historic churches, a beautiful edifice built in 1707, that Reinhardt produced *The World Theatre*.

The Salzburg Festival Theatre Association, which was organized five years ago, counting among its members Max Reinhardt, Richard Strauss, Hugo von Hofmannsthal and others, cherishes the ambitious plan of a big, luxurious Festival Theatre to be operated along the lines of the Bayreuth Festival House. The purpose of the proposed theatre, unlike the Bayreuth house, is the cultivation not only of Wagnerian operas or even of German art alone, but model productions of the best in the world's dramatic and musical output, irrespective of nationality.

Max Reinhardt was the dominating figure of the entire Festival. Nothing could be more interesting and instructive than to view the recent development of the Reinhardt stage work in the light of his latest productions which have been the

towering features of this and last year's festivals. They represent Reinhardt's supreme achievements and the very essence of his new methods and ideas. Contrasting these later efforts with his earlier productions which were the foundation of his world fame, we find an astonishing change in Reinhardt's dramatic aspects.

were real trees, real grass meadows, real flowers, and a host of well-drilled supers bubbling over with realism. Such gorgeness of scenery, such abundance of wonderfully drilled supers were the chief attractions of Reinhardt's work in those days. Soon, however, he found the limited proportions of the theatre too small to hold

his gigantic stage visions. It was then that he transferred the scene of his activities from the theatre to the circus. Here he effected his spectacular productions of *The Miracle* and *King Oedipus*, staged on a huge scale, and soon after he extended the realm of his revolutionary ideas to the comic operas of Offenbach and Sullivan. This phase of Reinhardt's development quickly gave way to new aspects. For some five or six years we find him working along entirely different lines, producing Strindberg, Ibsen and Hauptmann in his Berlin theatre with a view to achieving more intimate and subtle effects of the "chamber plays" such as Winthrop Ames used to stage at his Little Theatre in New York.

TENDENCY TOWARDS MYSTICISM

REINHARDT'S retirement from his extensive theatrical interests at Berlin caused some wondering about three years ago. Since then he has been living, in comparative seclusion, at his newly purchased fine estate at Leopoldskron Castle, near Salzburg, limiting his theatrical ventures to his annual productions in connection with the Salzburg Festivals. These performances mark, in a way, a return to his early methods of spectacularism to which an old

showman such as Reinhardt is bound sooner or later to again succumb. Yet there is in them an entirely novel element which affords a new and decidedly different view of Reinhardt's personality. They disclose, with all their spectacular features, a new tendency towards a mysticism which is a product, perhaps, not only of Reinhardt's own new ideas and conceptions, but is most strongly tinted by the peculiar environments of the lovely and ancient city of which he is now a resident.

A strong trend towards the religious and mystic may have prompted Reinhardt to select for the festival of 1921 the ancient English mystery play *Everyman* which Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the Austrian poet, adapted for Reinhardt's production. Last year again the producer chose a religious play by Calderon de la Barca, the old Spanish dramatist, entitled *The World Theatre*, which was again adapted by Hofmannsthal.

But above and beyond the pious tendency
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MAX REINHARDT

Famous German producer who returns to America next Fall to present here on a colossal scale his new religious spectacles, *The Miracle* and *The World Theatre*.

The producer's early fame, some twenty years ago, was due to his radically realistic stage conceptions. It was then that a great wave of stage naturalism swept through the German playhouses. Such preference for naturalism was, to be sure, chiefly born of a growing resentment against the dry and uninteresting method of heroic and stilted acting which had been the rule in German playhouses for decades past. Max Reinhardt, alert and quick to realize the new trend of public sentiment, was one of the first among German stage managers to grasp his opportunity and lay down his trump card. Conservatism had outlived itself, and Reinhardt went to its extreme with his production of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Surely there was nothing stilted and "heroic" about his performance of this play, but rather an almost boisterous spirit of realistic comedy, a truly daring modernism and, above all, a lavishness of scenery which had been unheard of on the German stage of that time. There

Determined to find a natural protector for her young ward, Mamie starts off in the old flivver in search of a father



Having discovered her "host's" secret, and threatened with loss of liberty, Mamie outwits the bootleggers, and, under cover of her gun, makes a strategic retreat

White Studios



"Texas" the cowpuncher, is sentimental when not in "licker"



It's different with Dan. Zander takes to him, so Mamie must

"Good News" had a hopeless crush on the girl all along

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THE NEW PLAY

"Zander the Great" a Breezy, Diverting Melodrama of Border Life

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



As You Like It

Comedy by William Shakespeare, produced at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre by the American National Theatre on April 23, with the following cast:

Orlando, Ian Keith; Adam, Arnold Lucy; Oliver, Jerome Lawler; Denis, Hal Higley; Charles, Stanley Kalkhurst; Rosalind, Marjorie Rambeau; Celia, Margalo Gillmore; Le Beau, Edgar Norton; Frederick, John Craig; Amiens, Frank Arundel; Jacques, A. E. Anson; The Duke, J. Malcolm Dunn; A Lord, Walter Abel; Silvius, William Williams; Audrey, Hortense Alden; Phoebe, Gwynedd Vernon; William, Percival Vivian; Touchstone, Ernest Lawford.

IT seems to be the fate of all well intentioned movements to establish a theatre that shall be independent of box office influences and representative of American dramatic art at its best, that they make a false start. The New Theatre, of unhappy memory, backed by the millionaires of the Diamond Horseshoe, began its inglorious career with an unwieldy production of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The self-styled American National Theatre, financed by the Producing Managers' Association, gave us *As You Like It* with Marjorie Rambeau and costly scenic investiture by Lee Simonson.

Why "American National" Theatre? An ambitious name and one not always easy to live up to. Also misleading, suggesting as it does that the new undertaking has behind it Federal or State authority. Of course, it has neither, and cannot have under our present political institutions. It is a purely private enterprise which may, or may not, prove itself less *bourgeois* and incompetent than some of its more frankly commercial competitors.

What of the first production, so loudly trumpeted? Frankly, a disappointment. Certainly not representative of American dramatic art at its best. True, Lee Simonson has outdone

himself. Such wealth of *mise-en-scène*, gorgeous settings with richness and warmth of color, great open spaces and wonderful blue skies—tableaux of rare pictorial loveliness which would make Shakespeare sit up in his grave with sheer astonishment. Very beautiful, but quite disproportional to this simple pastoral fantasy.

Although a great favorite among the classics, *As You Like It* is one of Shakespeare's least interesting plays. Only Rosalind helps us to forget the triteness of the story and the absurdity

Ian Keith made a handsome, manly, spirited Orlando, and A. E. Anson an intelligent Jacques. His Seven Ages speech was beautifully done.

Within Four Walls

A play by Glen McDonough, produced by Mack Hilliard at the Selwyn Theatre on April 17, with this cast: Walter Lawrence, Leonard Doyle, Anne Morrison, John Keefe, Warner Anderson, Violet Dunn, Dorian Anderson, Florence Gerald, Sherman Wade, Eugene MacGregor, Clay Carroll, Helen Ware, Marie Berno, John Fernlock, and Nancy Lee.

HERE was an idea for a good play spoiled by careless, amateurish handling.

The Minuits have lived in the same house in Greenwich Village for a hundred years. For a variety of reasons, the family has gradually dwindled until only one male survivor, Gerrit Minuit, a ne'er-do-well, is left. The old house itself is in decay. The wreckers are about to pull it down. Gerrit, down and out, slinks round to see the old house.

On the dingy door step he meets an old sweetheart. Inside they find a manuscript which they start to read.

The stage is thrown into darkness. As in the movies, the scene flashes back a hundred years and we behold the Minuits of that time strutting their little hour. We see them as they were, men and women with vices and vanities surprisingly like ours today—frivolous, loose moraled people given only to pleasure—drinking, dancing, carousing, gambling. Wives false to their mates; husbands deceiving wives. Again the scene shifts—half a century passes. We have a different set of Minuits, but their manners and morals have not changed. In the last scene Gerrit and Agnes find themselves outside the dilapidated old house. The last Minuit will profit by the lesson. He and the girl will help build the family anew.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—One of the cleverest, freshest satirical comedies in years.

ROMEO AND JULIET—A colorful and romantic presentation with Jane Cowl a winsome heroine.

SECRETS—A sweet story which reminds one that in some ways it's a nice old world.

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE—A new Pinero play of much charm and worldly wisdom done in the Barrie manner.

YOU AND I—An excellent American comedy with an idea behind it and capitally played.

ZANDER THE GREAT—Good old-fashioned melodrama, admirably acted by Alice Brady.

of the masquerade, and when the heroine herself fails to hold us—then the comedy drags wearily.

Miss Rambeau, a capable actress as we all know, was not at her best in this, one of the most fascinating and difficult of Shakespearean rôles. Pictorially she filled the eye, but with haunting memories of Modjeska and Henrietta Crosman, it was far from the real Rosalind. Miss Rambeau had good moments, notably in the forest scene, but her performance was uneven and the Elizabethan manner lacking. Her reading was often faulty. She was inclined to slur her lines and misplace the emphasis which, in a Shakespearean player, is as heinous an offence as singing off key is in a singer. Margalo Gillmore made an attractive Celia; but was too modern in speech and manner.

The men acquitted themselves better.

The piece was worth doing if only because it afforded an opportunity for Helen Ware to again display her versatility. In the lurid scene where she kills the slave dealer for his murderous treatment of their son, the virtuosity of the actress was lost sight of in the absurdity of the situation, but later, as the guilty owner of the diamond garter, in the amusing altercation between the jealous wife and flirtatious husband, she was a perfect delight and scored heavily in one of the best comedy scenes of the season. Anne Morrison, a young actress of distinction and beauty, played the wife with the charm and technical skill of a Réjane. Leonard Doyle was sympathetic as Gerrit.

The Exile

Romantic comedy-drama by Sidney Toler, produced by Joseph Sidney, Inc. at the George M. Cohan Theatre on April 9, with the following cast:

Baptiste, Etienne Girardot; Madame Perronne, Marion Abbott; Berenice Millet, Eleanor Painter; Jacques Cortot, Jose Ruben; Rouget de L'Isle, Sidney Riggs; Journet, Aubrey Beattie; Le Comte de Santerre, Wallis Clark; Marthe, Tiny Allen; Lafleur, Leonard Ide; Barbier, Rikel Kent.

IT is sometimes advanced as a theory, in the case of plays that fail to draw, that if the opinion of the actors engaged had been consulted in advance of production, failure would have been avoided since they (the actors), thanks to their mummer instinct, would have speedily put their finger on structural weakness and so saved the producer worry and money.

The contention is more interesting than sound. The truth, of course, is that actors are the worst possible judges of what constitutes a good play. They are notoriously bad pickers of stage winners. Why? Because the actor is a person of singularly narrow vision. An intense individualist he sees only the part he will play himself. The ensemble of the play—its ethics, its general appeal do not concern him in the least.

A recent instance of this lack of proper perspective is *The Exile*. Here is a play written by a veteran actor. A young French nobleman, having incurred the displeasure of Marie Antoinette, is compelled to flee from France and take refuge in London where, under the name of Jacques Cortot, he busies himself writing plays. Ambitious to shine as author in his native land, he returns secretly to Paris and prevails upon Berenice, a

young actress, to assume his title and pretend she is his widow so she may secure the favor of the queen and obtain an engagement at the Comédie, and so facilitate a production of his play. Meantime, the dark clouds of revolution are gathering. For Cortot and the gentle Berenice, Rouget de Lisle plays the soul-stirring strains of his new war hymn, *La Marseillaise*. Berenice is engaged at the Comédie, but the old Comte de Santerre, enamored of the young actress, views with suspicion this Cortot who gives himself out as the prima donna's representative. The exile's true identity is disclosed and the guard is dispatched to secure him. At that moment the Revolution breaks. The furious mob of *sans culottes* invades Cortot's home. They are about to seize Berenice, believing her an aristocrat when, with uplifted hand, she holds them spellbound as in sweet, thrilling accents, she starts to sing the *Marseillaise*.

Musty old stuff this, creaky at the joints, threadbare, of the theatre theatrical—a typical actor-made play. Dull in narrative, obvious in situation, the piece lumbers slowly, sombrely along—lights up fitfully now and then as some scene with real human interest is reached, and again falls back into stretches of dullness and gloom, and not even the heroic efforts of that fine romantic actor, Jose Ruben, who plays the hero, or the dainty person and sweet voice of Eleanor Painter who plays Berenice, could breathe life into the thing.

It is not surprising that Mr. Toler saw a chance for his piece. In authors hope springs eternal. But that such experienced players as Mr. Ruben and Miss Painter and the dozen or so other professionals should have been so carried away with enthusiasm as to invest real money in the enterprise, is certainly surprising, and only proves the truth of the argument that an actor doesn't know a bad play when he sees one.

The Dice of the Gods

Play in three acts by Lillian Barrett, produced by H. H. Frazee at the National Theatre on April 5, with the following cast:

John Henderson, Donald Cameron; Buchanan Laurence, Robert Strange; Roger Canby, Harry Stubbs; Dr. Henry Arnold, Joseph Macaulay; Parsons, Roy Cochrane; Pasquale, Virginia Smith; Giovanni, William Lambert; Salvatore, Frederick Scott; Patricia Baird ("Paddy"), Mrs. Fiske; Charlotte Baird, Ernita Lascelles; Dolly Laurence, Helen Jackson.

IT is fortunate for the authoress of this piece that Mrs. Fiske has a large following among theatregoers. Otherwise, her play might not have had more than one consecutive performance. A more negligible, inept effort it has seldom been my misfortune to sit through. That an artist of Mrs. Fiske's standing should have deliberately picked out such a vehicle passes belief.

The story—dealing with a so-called society woman addicted to morphine—is not only hackneyed. It is incoherent. I don't suppose I am any more obtuse than the average, but the first act was ended before I began to get a glimmering of what all the pother was about, or what the relations of the characters were to one another. Nor did the players help to throw much light on the matter. Mrs. Fiske, never too distinct in her delivery, was perhaps a little less articulate than usual on this occasion. As to the star's support—well, we all know the influence of bad example.

To be sure it did not matter much if the dialogue got over or not, and save for the purpose of record it is hardly worth while to outline the plot here. Briefly it is this: Paddy Baird leaves her husband, takes a lover, and acquires the morphine habit. Under the influence of the drug, her former amiable nature changes. She becomes hard, selfish, extravagant, dishonest. Creditors press for payment. Only the marriage of her illegitimate daughter to a rich man can save the situation. The girl refuses the sordid bargain, and devotes her life to seeking a cure for her mother. But the drug has taken too strong a hold and one day Paddy swallows an overdose and conveniently passes out, leaving her daughter free to marry the man of her choice.

Apart from the sordid, unpleasant theme, the rôle of the fashionable, irresponsible, flippant drug addict is not unsuited to Mrs. Fiske's aggressive, piquant personality. Rakish, pert, voluble—oh, so voluble!—the actress succeeds, as she has never yet entirely failed, in giving life and verisimilitude to an unreal, wholly artificial character—this wreck of a woman who, once pretty, vivacious, witty, has descended step by step into the abyss, and in the lighter scenes Mrs. Fiske was, as usual, at her best. But play and part are wholly unworthy of her talent. It irritates to find Salvation Nell, Nora, Hedda, Tess, Becky Sharp wasting both her own time and the patience of her admirers on such trashy material.

The blind Major Hillgrove (*Gilbert Emery*) and Laura Pennington (*Katharine Cornell*), whose unprepossessing exterior conceals a noble nature, call on Oliver Bashforth, a shell shocked victim of the war who has hidden himself from his friends.



On Laura's wedding night she has a dream. Bridal couples of past ages come to pay homage to her beauty, including her soldier hero who arrives from France in his muddy trench uniform and kisses her reverently.



Time and association end by a mutual dependence on each other. The neurotic Oliver (*Noel Tearle*) and Laura marry. Then the miracle happens. Instead of ugliness, they see themselves beautiful in form and face.

Photos White

(Right)
But the next morning the disillusionment is complete. Oliver and Laura realize that the impression of beauty is in their hearts, not in their eyes.



(Left)
Laura has another dream —this time of a beautiful, golden-haired little daughter who one day will come to increase her happiness and bind still more firmly her love for Oliver.

THE NEW PLAY

With "The Enchanted Cottage" Pinero Ventures Into the Realm of Phantasy



(Left) Mrs. Sabre, entirely out of patience with her irrational husband, finds a sympathetic listener in Major Millet.



Photos White



Mark returns home from the trenches, muddy and hungry, and regales himself with a kipper and toast, while Effie, together with High Jinks and Low Jinks, looks on admiringly.



Realizing that she is the real cause of the trouble that has come into Mark's life, Effie makes up her mind to kill herself.

THE NEW PLAY

"If Winter Comes" Leaves Book Covers for the Stage

"If Winter Comes"

An adaptation of A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson and B. Macdonald Hastings, produced at the Gaiety Theatre by Charles Dillingham on April 2, with the following cast:

Mrs. Sabre, Mabel Terry-Lewis; Rebecca Jinks, Gladys Burgess; Major Millet, Echlin Gayer; Rev. Sebastian Fortune, Henry Morrell; Mr. Twyning, Edgar Kent; Mark Sabre, Cyril Maude; Harold Twyning, Boyd Clark; Effie Bright, Peggy Rush; Mr. Bright, Edmund Gurney; Lady Tybar, Lydia Bilbrooke; Sarah Jinks, Audrey Cameron; A Coroner, F. Gatenby Bell; A Solicitor, Herbert Ranson; A Chemist, George Tawde; Coroner's Officer, Frank Howson; A Girl Clerk, Eva McRoberts.

THE only conceivable reason why anyone should attempt to make a play out of a popular novel is the belief that the book's half million and more readers will be eager to see its hero and minor characters visualized on the stage. Proceeding on this theory many producers have dramatized big sellers only, as a rule, to meet with failure. There are, of course, notable exceptions, for instance *Trilby*, *Ben Hur*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But these were exceptional books. The success of *Trilby* was due to its picturesque characters, its novelty, its exuberant youth, the glimpse it gave of Latin Quarter Bohemia. *Ben Hur*, appealing strongly to the religious element, furnished fine spectacle, with a sensational chariot race. But the book that has no spectacular features, no big situations, that depends for its success entirely on its portrayal of character and analysis of motive can scarcely hope to make a very wide appeal as stage entertainment. Even when well done it is not a drama. The action is halting, not convincing. It does not "begin to move" as William Archer insists every self-respecting play must do. At best it is a patchwork made up of disjointed situations artificially connected with scraps of dialogue.

If Winter Comes, as a play, has all the faults of its class. It failed to please in London. That it will prove entirely satisfying to those Americans who have enjoyed the book is open to doubt. We get most of the characters—Mark Sabre, the altruistic hero, Mrs. Sabre, his cold, aristocratic wife, the philandering Major Millet, the erring Effie Bright, the treacherous Twyning, and the smirking, good natured High Jinks and Low Jinks, but of the fine philosophy of the story, its high idealism and splendid spirit of self-denying patriotism there is almost nothing. On the other

hand, the improbabilities and inconsistencies of the book, the peculiar propensity of its protagonist for uselessly getting himself into trouble—all that weakness in the structure of the novel stands out even more vividly in the play. The scene of the inquest over Effie Bright's death where the innocent Mark is cross-examined and bullied as to his responsibility for the girl's suicide, is exceedingly well done and furnished the only moment of real drama.

Cyril Maude is entirely miscast as the lofty souled Mark Sabre. What served him well when portraying the octogenarian Grumpy is a distinct handicap here. His present rôle is that of a man in his thirties, nervous, highly strung, melancholy, ascetic-looking in appearance—the sort of man so fired with the sense of duty that he would march unflinchingly to his fate, no matter what the sacrifice. If the actor's personality fails to visualize this spiritual type all illusion necessarily goes by the board. Mr. Maude is not a young man. He is not spiritual looking. On the contrary, he is jovial, robust, disconcertingly normal, quite the opposite in appearance of a moral crusader. No doubt, if put to it, Mr. Maude would do his duty as well as the next man, but his calm, phlegmatic disposition, the rollicking good nature exuding from his ever smiling face hardly suggests the stern stuff of which martyrs are made. When he returns home wounded from France, ruddy and corpulent in his muddy Tommy trench uniform, he looks for all the world like 'ole Bill on Blighty leave.

Lydia Bilbrooke made a handsome Lady Tybar and Edgar Kent an excellent Twyning. George Tawde contributed a clever bit as the Scotch chemist.

The Enchanted Cottage

A dramatic fable by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, produced at the Ritz Theatre by William A. Brady on April 2, with the following cast:

Laura Pendington, Katharine Cornell; Mrs. Minnett, Clara Blandick; Major Murray Hillgrove, D.S.O., M.C., Gilbert Emery; Oliver Bashforth (Late Lieut, 8th Royal Bengal Regt.), Noel Tearle; Rev. Charles Corsellis, Harry Neville; Mrs. Corsellis, Ethel Wright; Mrs. Smallwood, Winifred Frazer; Rupert Smallwood, Smallwood, Herbert Bunston; Rigg, Seldon Bennett.

IN a recent interview Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, speaking of the English public's rather frigid reception of this play, complained: "They do not bring imagination to the theatre. They did not comprehend what I was trying

to do." One certainly needs some imagination to swallow whole all the surprising things that occur in his enchanted cottage, but the dullest witted among our audiences could hardly miss the obvious message the veteran playwright seeks to convey.

Reduced to its simplest expression, the proposition is this: two persons of the opposite sex who really love one another may well be blind to each other's physical shortcomings, since genuine love sees only beauty of character and cares little for comeliness of form or face. This is, of course, the veriest commonplace, yet as a psychological truth it is perhaps as good a peg as any on which to hang a play of sentiment even though the theme hardly lends itself to other than fanciful treatment. To achieve any considerable success with such tenuous material the dramatist must needs be a craftsman skilled in navigating the shallow waters of poetic fantasy. Only the light touch of a Barrie could do full justice to such delicate texture. Pinero, indeed, has given us a play of much charm and worldly wisdom, but it is Pinero in a new field, a field not quite suited to his style or technic. There is no suggestion here of the clever dialogue and masterly situations that made *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *The Thunderbolt* the most brilliant plays of their generation. *The Enchanted Cottage* almost suggests a tired Pinero—a Pinero who, feeling no further urge to write smart drawing room comedy, conscious perhaps that he is no longer in close touch or in full sympathy with new society conditions, has dropped in to see *A Kiss For Cinderella* and *Marie Rose* and, entranced by Barrie's light, whimsical touch, has attempted somewhat clumsily to emulate his gifted colleague, with the result that we are served this pretty fantasy with its trite, conventional comedy characters, its undistinguished dialogue and feeble humor, mixed up with cherubs, elves and witches on broomsticks—the whole lumberingly done.

Oliver Bashforth, a young English officer, is a veteran of the war. Shell shocked and crippled in France he returns home a neurotic wreck. Ashamed of his hollow cheeks and haunted looking eyes, he leaves London and takes refuge in a lonely cottage on his uncle's estate. Here he is visited by a neighbor, Major Hillgrove, another war victim, who is stone blind. To him Oliver opens his heart. His mental agony is too frightful to be endured. He wants to end it all. The blind major points to his

own sightless orbs. "You're right," admits Oliver. "I'm a cad to complain." But why do his family torment him? Why don't they leave him in peace? Only one person seems to understand—Laura Pennington, an exceedingly plain young woman whose one attraction is her kind heart. After a short acquaintance, Oliver begins to take note of Laura's good qualities. The pretty, smart girls of his own set won't notice a cripple like him, but this girl smiles at him. The liking warms into love. He asks her to marry him.

In the next act the miracle has happened. The plain young couple find themselves wonderfully transformed. The cripple is once more erect and handsome; Laura is a lovely girl. The astonishing change in their appearance is very evident to themselves, as it is to the audience, and the blind Major Hillgrove, who has only the evidence of his ears, is also convinced some sort of miracle has taken place. Oliver asks the major to break the tidings to his family. His relatives are coming tomorrow and they had better be prepared for the astonishing change. The major agrees and says good-night. The happy bride and groom retire to their room and then follows the dream scene. The stage darkens and the spirits of bridal couples who occupied the cottage long ago begin to appear. Laura, a vision of beauty in her bridal gown, comes down to greet the ghostly arrivals and to each she puts the question: "Do you think me beautiful?" As they all answer in the affirmative and her handsome husband also appears in his trench uniform to salute her with a kiss she knows that it is really true.

The next morning the relatives arrive, not knowing what to make of the major's incredible report. They wait anxiously, nervously. At last, the bride and groom come down, and the mother sees there has been no change. Oliver is still the pale, hollow-eyed cripple; Laura is the angular, ugly girl she always was. They see their relatives shrink from them. "Don't you see the change in us?" cries Oliver. The mother hesitates while the stepfather reaches for his umbrella. "Yes, a little change maybe," mumbles the mother. They make a hurried departure and Oliver and his young wife, left alone, at last understand. It was love for each other that had effected the change in their own eyes. What did they need more than that? They would find permanent happiness in the beautiful child that would be born to them.

The play is well staged and competently acted. Katharine Cornell, whose sophisticated flapper in *A Bill of Divorcement* was the one joyous note in that interesting and lugubrious play, gives a sympathetic, artistic performance as Laura. The change in her personal appearance is surprisingly well done. The same may be said of Noel Tearle who acts Oliver well and naturally makes a more appealing figure as the cripple than as the Adonis. Gilbert Emery has a poor part as the blind major but, as usual, he makes the most of it.

Zander the Great

A comedy in a prologue and three acts by Salisbury Field, produced at the Empire Theatre on April 9, with the following cast:

Jackson Pepper, William Wadsworth; Oliver Macy, Joseph Baird; Mamie, Alice Brady; Zander, Edwin Mills; Elmer Lovejoy, Raymond Van Sickle; Good News, Joseph Allen; Texas, George Abbott; Dan Murchison, Jerome Patrick; Juan, Joseph Spurin; Jim Sawday, James S. Barrett; Bill Price, Dan Moyles.

THESE days of Freudian psychology, Shawian satire, Russian pessimism, Czecho-Slovakian philosophy, stage expressionism and other high-brow complexes which our modern civilization has invented to confuse and torment the soul, it is refreshing to get at times a whiff of old-fashioned, straight - from - the - shoulder melodrama such as used to delight less sophisticated audiences, the days when Maggie Mitchell and Lotta, crude as they were, held their admirers spellbound and Bret Harte thrilled us with his tales of wild border life, when the nation was still in the making and a heavy fist and quick gun play were the most popular ways of settling a quarrel.

Zander the Great belongs unblushingly to this disingenuous, strong-arm school. The setting is as usual—an isolated ranch on the Mexican border, with a glimpse through the open doorway of the endless prairie and scorching sun. To strike a more timely note, the rough occupants appear as bootleggers instead of bandits.

Upon this picturesque den of illicit hooch, Mamie and Zander accidentally stumble in their quest for the youngster's father, one Caldwell. Mamie, a wide-awake, resourceful young person, despite her New Jersey upbringing, at once takes in the situation. Her host insists he's running a cow ranch, but he can't fool her. Didn't she see the barrels of whiskey

hidden along the road? This certainly is no place for Zander. She's sorry now she came on this wild goose chase in the old flivver, yet could she see the poor kid put in an orphanage when she knew his dad was somewhere in Arizona?

The sheriff already hot on his trail, and fearing that the girl, now she knows the truth, will turn informer, the boss bootlegger makes Mamie think he is Caldwell, the man she is seeking. But she soon discovers the truth, sees she has been deceived and determines to get away. The bootleggers, now desperate, refuse to let her go and the complications that follow are exciting enough to satisfy anybody. One thrill follows another, interlarded with humorous lines and amusing situations that keep the audience in constant laughter. How the girl defies her captors, tricks them, shoots the boss only to fall in love with him, and receives offers of marriage from each of the roughnecks in turn, is something to be seen and enjoyed rather than described.

The play does not mark a milestone in the advancement of the American drama. There is no distinction in the dialogue, no freshness or originality in the theme or characterization. It is not a play of uplift, nor does it deal with, nor solve, any pressing social problem. It is simply a good show, honest and wholesome in sentiment, an interesting little story divertingly and dramatically told. In short, an enjoyable evening at the theatre.

Alice Brady as the resourceful, slangy, irrepressible Mamie is a sheer delight and so long as she is on the stage there is not a dull moment. Vivacious, tender, defiant, saucy she carried the play to success and in the more emotional scenes displayed a depth of feeling of which few believed her capable. She is an actress we ought to see more often. The movies have monopolized her services long enough.

An amusing comedy character, except Good News, the general bottle washer of the outfit, was capitally played by Joseph Allen, who it will be remembered scored a big hit in *The Tavern* with his "What's all the shootin' for?", and George Abbott made an individual hit as the 'baccy chewing, amorous cowboy. A word of praise, too, for little Edwin Mills, a really remarkable five-year old who plays the title rôle with the assurance and poise of a veteran. Jerome Patrick was too artificial and posed too much to strike quite the right key as the bootlegging hero.

Joseph at three years.



Schwarz

Liliom, (1920).

Bruguiere
Peer Gynt, (1923).

The Fool in King Lear, (1915).

Oswald in Ghosts,
(1919).(Center Panel)
The Prodigal Son in
The Wanderer, (1913).

Oberon in A Midsummer Night's Dream, (1915).

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 9 JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Joseph Schildkraut was born March 22, 1896 in Vienna, son of the well-known German actor, Rudolph Schildkraut. In 1913 he made his début as the Prodigal Son in *The Wanderer*, under the direction of Max Reinhardt, with whom he remained at the Kammerspielhaus until 1915 playing small Shakespearean rôles. He went then to the Lessing Theatre in Berlin where he played in *Peer Gynt* every part but the title rôle. In 1917 he joined Dr. Arthur Rundt's company at the Freie Volksbühne in Vienna to play leading rôles in *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Scarecrow*, *Justice*, *The Jest*, *Old Heidelberg*, *Romance*, *Madame Sans Gene*, following this with a season of Schnitzler, and in 1920 he played at the Deutsches Volks Theatre the leading rôle of Molnar's *Liliom*. He came to America immediately after this and was engaged for *Pagans* at the Princess, following which the Theatre Guild made a long term contract with him and in their productions he has recreated *Liliom*, and undertaken *Peer Gynt*, his present vehicle. Next season this actor will do Molnar's *The Guardsman*.

Main Street Comes to Broadway

The People Who Keep New York's Theatres Going—What They Want and What They Get

By CARLTON MILES

OUR theatrical season in Minneapolis opens in September and closes in October. For the other eleven months we hope blindly, and visit the screen. Gala days start with us when Fiske O'Hara arrives promptly on September 1 as our annual opener. Each year in white satin smalls he plays the broth of a boy Anne Nichols assigns him in her patent assortment of Irish drama of two settings, nine characters, four songs and a curtain speech. State Fair visitors yell with approval at O'Hara's singing of *There's a Quaint Little Cottage in a Cute Little Land On The Moon Shines Just For You, Mother Darlin'*. John Barrymore? Broadway may have him. But did you ever see our Fiske O'Hara?

When the blarney comedy starts on its westward tour of one-night stands, we view a musical comedy that has outlived its summer usefulness in Chicago, or that merry, merry piece, *Take It From Me*, on its perennial travels. The third week brings a recognized star. Once, by curious juxtaposition of bookings, we had Henry Miller in *The Famous Mrs. Fair* and Ruth Chatterton in *Mary Rose* in the same week. This season Arthur Byron strove to conceal the dullness of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. And for a fourth confection we are furnished a return engagement of the scintillating little play, *Twin Beds*.

THESE ALSO RAN

HAVING provided us with this quartette of treats, bookers fall back exhausted. Dolorous days follow. *The Dark Secret* plays a long and extended engagement at our one first-class theatre. Midwinter formerly brought us that great dramatic triumph, *The Bird of Paradise*, but Luana one night refused to jump into the volcano and the play quit the road. Lent ordinarily brings back May Robson. There also is a supplementary spring season, starting May 29 and ending July 1, during which earnest actors stream with moisture playing Shakespeare for a hot June week, and some Sunday night brings a special engagement of the 1914 edition of *The Passing Show*, lost for years on the Pacific Coast. Easter week may offer seven nights of that famous Broadway success—we quote the publicity banners—*Her Unborn Child*, with a daily matinee underlined significantly “for women only.”

We do not complain. Theatrical life passes us by but we stumble on in our blind way. A run of luck last autumn brought us *To the Ladies*. Our applause went not to Helen Hayes, but to Isabel Irving whom we have loved since the Daly days. Walker Whiteside means more to us in the northwest than Benny Leonard to Broadway. Didn't we play *Lightnin'* for a fortnight

and give up nearly \$45,000 for that privilege? We crowded the theatres to watch the *Greenwich Village Folies* or Sothern and Marlowe. Salt tears flow once Margaret Anglin seats herself in the centre of the stage and pours out the story of her life—to appropriately timed murmur cues—in *The Woman of Bronze*.

When the dull days come and *The Bat*

charges, including those delightful bohemian restaurants in Greenwich Village and that new Russian place, we settle down to cast accounts. How much better are these plays than what we get at home? If, by some miracle, Minneapolis could have its choice among the current Broadway attractions, what ones would find most appeal? Our viewpoint is unprejudiced. We know not the inner history of this or that attraction. Our fund of gossip regarding the personalities of the stage is restricted only to the stories told by touring players who have borne us letters of introduction and for whom we have had a little supper “after the show.” We are free from complexes.

WHAT THEY LIKE

IF current Broadway attractions could be transferred to the northwest in the same manner they are now being presented, we should find much of cheer. Not in any past season has New York offered so much of worth. There is no doubt that we should respond to *Rain* as one of the best-written plays of the last decade, its florid story told in untheatrical manner. The Algonquin shower of adjectives on the talents of Jeanne Eagels, as well as on Rapley Holmes and Robert Kelly, would be exceeded by our own words of praise. On the other hand, we would gasp as audibly and thrill as much to *Seventh Heaven* as any Broadway audience, but we probably would puzzle over the performance of Helen Menken. On the afternoon on which I saw the play, the actress bent nearly double throughout an entire act in the attempt to portray the simplicity of art.

The Old Soak would appeal to everyone through its humorous dialogue, although its plot would be regarded as old-fashioned. Lenore Ulric would be certain to find favor in *Kiki*. Wasn't she born in New Ulm, Minnesota? We like our mystery shows once around and *The Last Warning* as well as *Whispering Wires* would draw well. If Margaret Lawrence had traveled our way previously, we would reward *Secrets* with good houses, but Miss Lawrence's name means little at present to our theatre-going public. *A Square Peg* probably would starve as pitifully with us as it did at the Punch and Judy, while David Warfield would draw record audiences in *The Merchant of Venice*. Haven't we an advantage over Broadway? Didn't we see Warfield in *Van der Decken*?

Good business would greet the advent of *The Fool*, but I doubt if we should respond to *Rose Briar*. The northwest is not overfond of the dramatic works of Booth Tarkington. *Loyalties* would draw not only because of its Broadway success but because of the Galsworthy name. On the

(Drawing by Wynn)

Prominent Rotarians and Drama Leaguers of Main Street visit the Show Mart of Gotham with no sense of inferior standards. Their battle cry beginning—“Now, Back Home—” rings ominously in managerial ears.

(Drawing by Wynn)

is the only booking, when we have wearied of the permanent joys of the stock company offering the latest New York successes, when neither Lou Tellegen nor Vera Gordon, “the world's greatest mother,” draws us to vaudeville, when all the pictures offer “society scenes,” with the guests romping about and throwing confetti until the hostess jerks with her thumb toward the dining room, there is general exodus to New York. There we shall see the real shows. We spend weeks consulting lists, wiring ahead to hotels to get us seats—expense be hanged although we may grumble at the local prices once they march above \$2—and we descend on the helpless city in battalions. For we are the people who keep alive the *Ziegfeld Follies* and *Abie's Irish Rose*.

After a week of intensive playgoing and visits to all the popular resorts of couvert

(Continued on page 70)



RONNY JOHANNSON

In a picturesque Czechoslovakian dance. Swedish by birth, Miss Johannson studied under Sacharoff of the Petrograd School.



HERMA PRACH

Pretty, piquant and pert, this young dancer fresh from the Vienna Opera Ballet School, is one of the youngest favorites of Europe's stages.



ANITA BERBER

In her dance *Cocain*, a terpsichorean study of ecstasy and dejection. She is dancer, actress, artist and writer, having just published a book of essays on art.

Photos D'Ora, Vienna

DANCERS WHO CHARM A CONTINENT

Clever and Beautiful Women Whose Terpsichorean Inventions Have Caught Popular Viennese Fancy

Notable Shakespearean Interpreters of the Present and Coming Seasons

Plate 1 John Barrymore as Hamlet

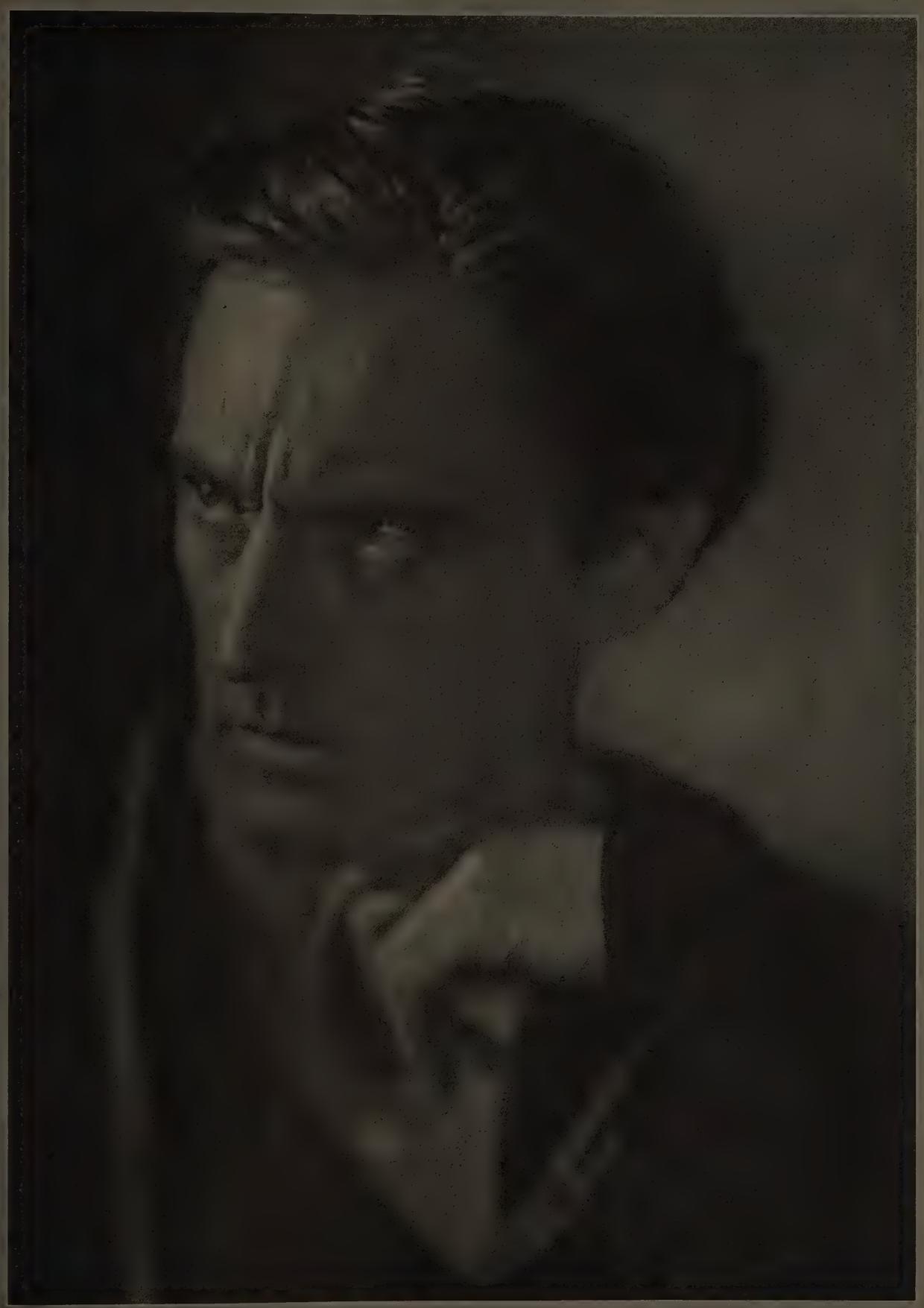
11 Jane Cowl as Juliet - -

111 Walter Hampden as Othello

1111 Robert Mantell as Macbeth

11111 David Warfield as Shylock

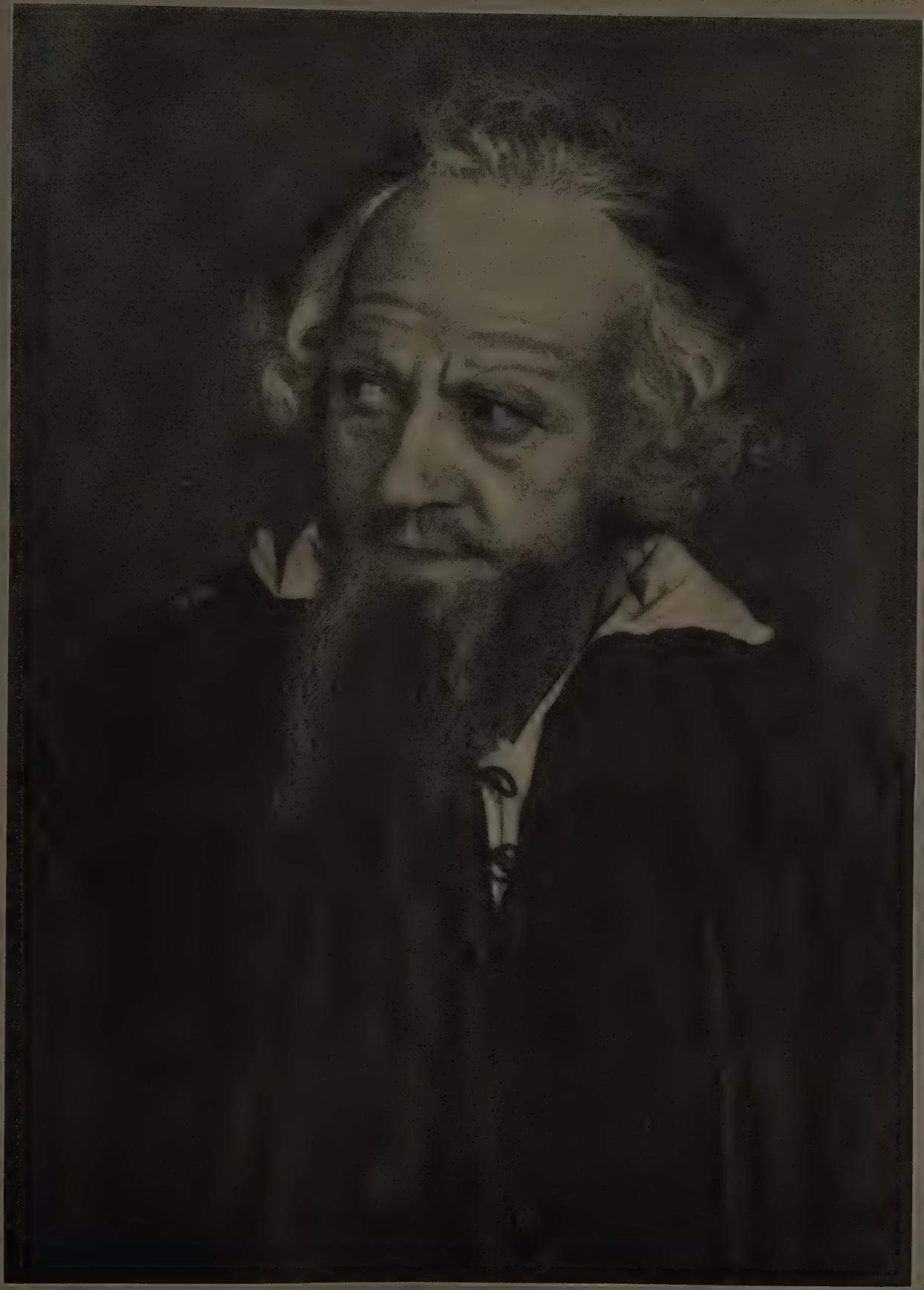
ALL over the world this year Shakespeareans are celebrating the tercentenary of the publishing of the First Folio (1623), through which were preserved to posterity, un mutilated and unmarred, a dozen masterpieces of the great poet. A memorial service held in London in April was attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Capt. Jaggard, lineal descendant of the printer of the First Folio, John Drinkwater, Earl Cromer, and Sir Sydney Lee. In New York, a special service was held at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine under the auspices of the Actors' Church Alliance.



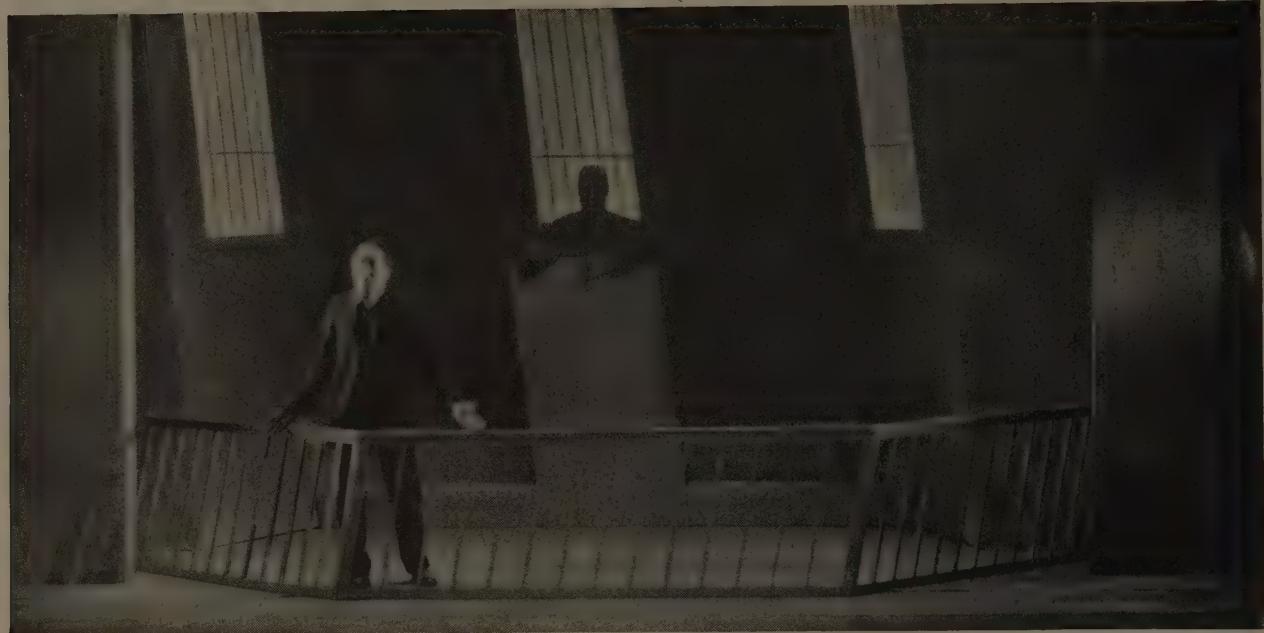








The Play That Is Talked About



Bruguière

Setting by Lee Simonson

ZERO: (On trial) "Never missed a day. Fifty-two weeks in a year. Fifty-two an' fifty-two an'—I can't get the figgers out o' my head."

The Adding Machine

Tragedy in Seven Scenes by Elmer L. Rice

MR. RICE is a playwright from whom the unusual may always be expected. His first play, "On Trial," for instance, was written backwards and proved one of the biggest successes of its year. Mr. Rice is an intellectual of the "expressionistic" group of young dramatists from whose pens may one day come the great American play. The following excerpts are given here by courtesy of the Theatre Guild. Copyright: Elmer L. Rice.

THE CAST

(As produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre.)

Mr. Zero	Dudley Digges
Mrs. Zero	Helen Westley
Daisy Diana Dorothea Devore	Margaret Wycherly
The Boss	Irving Dillon
Mr. One	Harry McKenna
Mrs. One	Marcia Harris
Mr. Two	Paul Hayes
Mrs. Two	Theresa Stewart
Mr. Three	Gerald Lundegard
Mrs. Three	Georgiana Wilson
Mr. Four	George Stehli
Mrs. Four	Edith Burnett
Mr. Five	William W. Griffith
Mrs. Five	Ruby Craven
Mr. Six	Daniel Hamilton
Mrs. Six	Louise Sydmeth
Policemen	{ Irving Dillon
Judy O'Grady	Lewis Barrington
Young Man	Elise Bartlett
Shrdlu	Gerald Lundegard
A Head	Edgar G. Robinson
Lieutenant Charles	Daniel Hamilton
Joe	Louis Calvert
	William W. Griffith

in her hair, shapeless in her long-sleeved cotton night-gown, with her ungarnered stockings sagging below her garment.

Mrs. ZERO: I'm gettin' sick o' them Westerns. All them cowboys ridin' around an' foolin' with them ropes. I don't care nothin' about that. I'm

sick of 'em. I don't see why they don't have more of them stories like "For Love's Sweet Sake." I like them sweet little love stories. They're nice an' wholesome. Mrs. Twelve was sayin' to me only yesterday: "Mrs. Zero," says she, "what I like is one of them wholesome stories, with just a sweet, simple little love story." "You're right, Mrs. Twelve," I says, "that's what I like, too." They're showin' too many Westerns at the Rosebud. I'm gettin' sick of them. I think we'll start goin' to the Peter Stuyvesant. They got a good bill there Wednesday night. There's a Chubby Delano comedy called *Sea-sick*. Mrs. Twelve was tellin' me she laughed so she nearly passed out. He sure can pull some funny ones. An' they got that big Grace Darling feature, *A Mother's Tears*. She's sweet. But I don't like her clothes. There's no style to them. She's sweet though. Mrs. Eight was tellin' me that *A Mother's Tears* is the best picture she ever made. "Don't miss it, Mrs. Zero," she says. "It's sweet," she says, "just sweet and wholesome. Cry," she says, "I nearly cried my eyes out." There's one part in it where this big bum of an Englishman—he's a married man, too—an' she's this little simple country girl; an' she nearly falls for him, too. But she's sittin' out in the garden, one day, and she looks up and there's her mother lookin' at her, right out of the clouds. That part is awful sweet, Mrs. Eight says. So

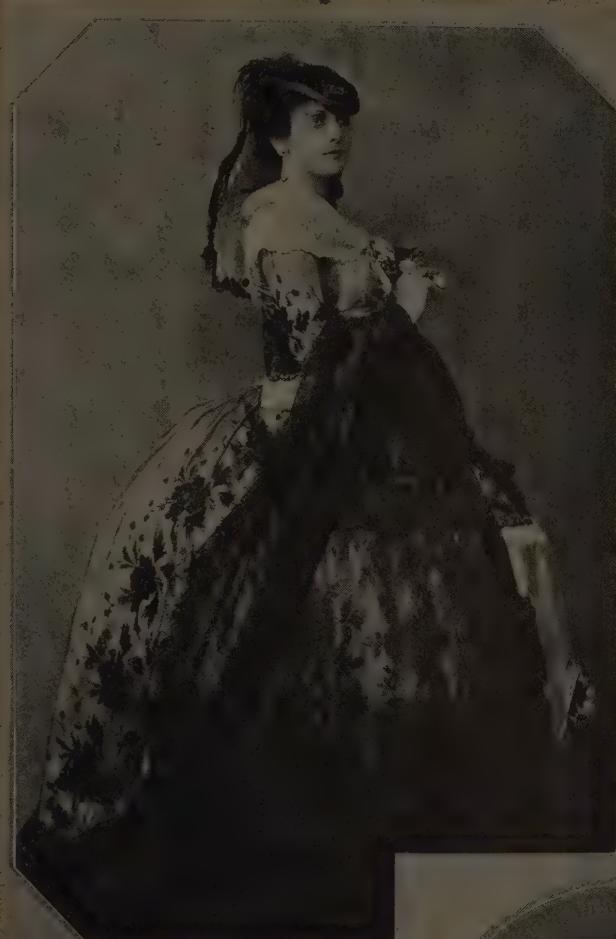
THE play deals with the tragedy in the life of an ordinary bookkeeper named Zero.

The scene is nowhere in particular. It might be laid anywhere, at any time. The type is easily recognizable. It belongs to universal life. The scene opens on a bedroom cheaply furnished "on the installment plan." Mr. Zero, only his head and shoulders visible, is lying in bed. He is thin, sallow, undersized and partially bald. Mrs. Zero is standing before the dresser arranging her kid-curlers for the night. She is forty-five, sharp-featured, gray streaks



Muray

ELMER L. RICE
Author of *The Adding Machine*



Muray

EDNA THOMAS

The stately, lily-like mezzo-contralto from New Orleans who this season introduced with great success the gay and plaintive Creole song of her native Southland to the Eastern concert hall.



Bruguiere

YVONNE GEORGE

Who left her Parisian cabaret to sing *Mon Homme* in the Greenwich Village Follies. Followed some brilliant recitals in old French ballads, which gave her rank with Guilbert.



Muray

MONA GONDRE

This vivacious and petite comedienne from the Paris Odéon, devotes herself to the *pastorale* and *chanson* of France, and is well-known as a delightful entertainer.

DISEUSES OF A SEASON

Charming American and Foreign Specialists in Costume Recital

that night she locks the door of her room. An' sure enough when everybody's in bed, along comes this big bum of an Englishman an' when she won't let him in what does he do but go an' kick open the door. "Don't miss it, Mrs. Zero," Mrs. Eight was tellin' me. They sure are pullin' some rough stuff in the pictures nowadays. "It's no place for a young girl," I was tellin' Mrs. Eleven, only the other day. An' by the time they get uptown half of it is cut out. But you wouldn't go down town not if wild horses was to drag you. "I ain't got the price, I gotta start savin'." A fat lot you'll ever save. I got all I can do now makin' both ends meet an' you talkin' about savin'. (She seats herself on a chair and begins removing her shoes and stockings) Where do I come in? Scrubbin' floors an' cookin' your meals an' washin' your dirty clothes. An' you sitin' on a chair all day, just addin' figures an' waitin' for five-thirty. There's no five-thirty for me. I don't wait for no whistle. I don't get no vacations neither. I was a fool for marryin' you. You were goin' to do wonders, you were! There wasn't no job in the store that was too big for you. Twenty-five years in the same job. Twenty-five years tomorrow. You're proud of it, ain't you? Seven years since you got a raise! An' if you don't get one tomorrow, I'll bet a nickel you won't have the guts to go an' ask for one. I didn't pick much when I picked you, I'll tell the world. You ain't much to be proud of. (She rises, goes to the window and raises the shade) She ain't walkin' around tonight, you can bet your sweet life on that. An' she won't be walkin' around any more nights neither. Not in this house anyhow. The idea of her comin' to live in a house with respectable people. They ought to give her six years—not six months. I guess you're sorry she's gone. I guess you'd like to sit home every night and watch her goin's-on. You'd better not start nothin' with women, if you know what's good for you. I've put up with a lot, but I won't put up with that. I've been slavin' away for twenty-five years, makin' a home for you an' nothin' to show for it. If you was any kind of man you'd have a decent job by now an' I'd be gettin' some comfort out of life—instead of bein' just a slave (her voice is heard droning on as the curtain falls) but don't you go startin' nothin' with women—

SCENE II. An office in a department store. On one high stool is Zero, opposite him Daisy Diana Dorothea Devore, a plain, middle-aged woman. Both wear green shades and paper sleeve protectors.

DAISY: (Reading aloud) Three ninety-eight. Forty-two cents. A dollar fifty. A dollar fifty. A dollar twenty-five. Two dollars. Thirty-nine cents. Twenty-seven-fifty.

ZERO: (Petulantly) Speed it up a little, cancha? DAISY: What's the rush? Tomorrer's another day.

ZERO: Aw, you make me sick.

DAISY: An' you make me sicker.

ZERO: Go on. Go on. We're losin' time.

DAISY: Then quit bein' so bossy. (She reads) Three dollars. Two sixty-nine. Eighty-one-fifty. Forty dollars. Eight-seventy-five. Who do you think you are, anyhow?

SHE bends over the slips and transfers them from one pile to another. Zero leans on his desk busily entering the figures. While the voice of one goes on droning figures in alternate order, the voice of the other speaks out the thoughts that run round in his head.

ZERO: Women make me sick. They're all alike. The judge gave her six months in the work-house. I wonder what they do in the work-house? Peel potatoes, I'll bet she's sore at me. Maybe she'll try to kill me when she

DAISY: I saw Pauline Frederick do it once. With a pistol. She just pressed it and fell right over. Where could I get a pistol though? ZERO: I wish my wife was dead.

DAISY: Anyhow, why ain't I got a right to live? I'm as good as anybody else. I don't see anybody that's any better than me. I'm too refined, I guess. That's the whole trouble. ZERO: That time she had pneumonia I thought she was goin' to pass out. But she didn't. The doctor's bill was eighty-seven dollars.

DAISY: If you was only nice to me it wouldn't be so bad.

ZERO: (Looking up) Hey, wait a minute! Did you say eighty-seven dollars?

DAISY: (Looking up) What?

ZERO: Was the last you said eighty-seven dollars?

DAISY: (Consulting the slip) No. Forty-two fifty.

ZERO: (Following his thoughts again) "Boss," I'll say, "I want to have a talk with you." "Sure," he'll say, "sit down. Have a Corona Corona." "No," I'll say, "I don't smoke." "How's that?" he'll say. "Well, boss," I'll say, "It's this way. Everytime I feel like smokin' I just take a nickel and put it in the old sock. A penny saved is a penny earned, that's the way I look at it." "Damn sensible," he'll say. "You got a wise head on you, Zero."

Daisy: I can't stand the smell of gas. It makes me sick. You coulda kissed me if you wanted to. Them kisses in the movies—them long ones—right on the mouth—

There is a sudden shrill blast.

DAISY and ZERO: The whistle!

WITH great agility they get off their stools and thrust their work in drawers. Daisy Diana Dorothea Devore clutches a frowsy straw and flees through the door. Zero, a dusty derby in his hand, is following, when The Boss appears.

Boss: How long have you been with us?

ZERO: Twenty-five years today.

Boss: Twenty-five years! That's a long time.

ZERO: Never missed a day.

Boss: Then, in that case, a change probably won't be unwelcome to you.

ZERO: No, sir, it won't. And that's the truth. Boss: My efficiency experts have recommended the installation of adding machines.

ZERO: (Staring at him) Addin'-machines?

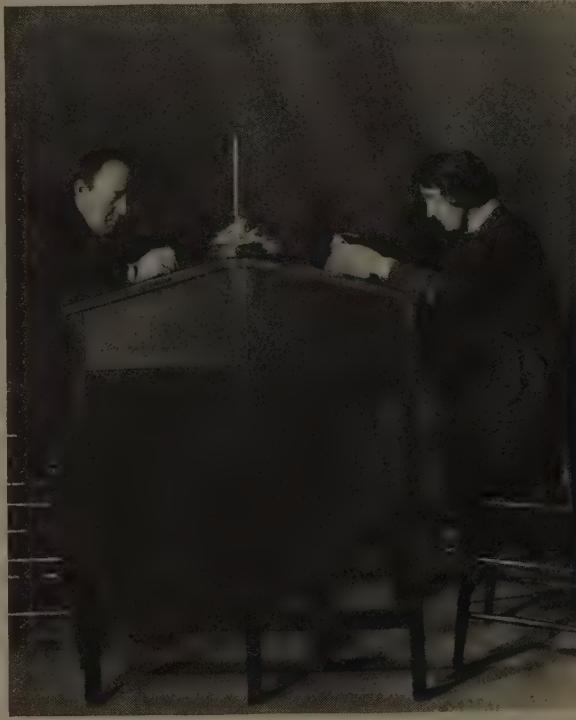
Boss: That's it. They do the work in half the time and a high school girl can operate them. Now, of course, I'm sorry to lose an old and faithful employee—

Soft music is heard—the sound of the mechanical player of a distant merry-go-round. The part of the floor upon which the desks and stools and the two men are standing begins to revolve very slowly.

ZERO: Wait a minute, boss. Let me get this right. You mean I'm canned?

Boss: (Barely making himself heard above the

(Continued on page 56)



Bruguière

DAISY: (thinking) "Them kisses in the movies—"

ZERO: (thinking) "I wish my wife was dead—"

gets out. Maybe she'll try to kill me. I better be careful. Fifteen-Year-Old Girl Slays Betrayer—Jealous Wife Slays Rival. Says I'd Do It Again. You can't tell what a woman's liable to do. Jesus, I'd better be careful.

DAISY: I'm gettin' sick of it. Always pickin' on me about somethin'. Never a decent word out of you. Not even the time of day. I'm gettin' sick of it.

ZERO: Why the hell should I tell you? What the hell do I care where you live? Anyhow maybe another one'll move in. Gee, that would be great. Fat chance of you forgettin' to pull down the shade! That would be a nice place for you, though. But what the hell do I care where you live?

DAISY: I wonder what time it is? I could stop at the drug store on the way home and get some acid. But if I asked for carbolic they might get on to me. An I wouldn't know what else to ask for.

ZERO: You're gettin' all yellin'. And your hair's turnin' gray. Why don't you wear them loose shirt waists any more with the low collars?



A COLUMBINE

Alfred Cheney Johnston Reveals Wilda Bennett, the Charming "Lady in Ermine," in Quite a Different Role

THE SCREEN

CLAYTON HAMILTON'S PAGE OF MOTION-PICTURE COMMENT AND REVIEW

THE common currency of such hybrid terms as "Photoplay" and "Photo-drama" has caused a great deal of misunderstanding of the scope and function of the motion picture. The fundamental aim of any art is to interpret nature, and not to imitate another art; and it should never be the purpose of the motion picture to copy the stage-play or to translate into altered terms the appeal of a project planned primarily for the speaking theatre.

The most impressive moments in the most impressive motion pictures are always moments with which the stage-play would be incompetent to deal. *The Clansman*, by Thomas Dixon, was a second-rate novel and it was dramatized into a third-rate play; but it was transmuted into a first-rate motion picture by D. W. Griffith, who managed to discern in its historical subject-matter a significance which was not theatrical, but epic. *The Birth of a Nation* is still regarded as the standard by which the merit of all subsequent motion pictures must be measured; and, looking backward over all the intervening years, we must notice that the only moments which we remember from that picture were epic moments, which could not possibly have been confined within the limits that are physically set for the traffic of the speaking stage.

Because of its unlimited freedom in handling the categories of place and time, the natural mood of the motion picture is epic rather than dramatic. Old Dumas defined the scope and limitation of the drama when he said, "Give me four boards, two actors, and a passion." But the epic mood demands a wider setting of earth and sea and air, and thousands of participants, and a purpose which is not merely passionless but almost religious in its exaltation. For an epic narrative does not deal primarily with so small a matter as the exertion of the individual will, but sums up within itself the entire contribution to human progress of a certain race, a certain nation, a certain religion, or a certain organized and communal endeavor.

THE COVERED WAGON

THE great dramas of the world, like *Othello* or *Oedipus the King*, do not offer such excellent material for motion pictures as the great epics, such as *The Odyssey*, *The Aeneid*, or *Jerusalem Delivered*. The drama focuses attention on the tiny problem of whether or not a certain individual is to have his way and get what he desires; but the epic deals with the larger problem of whether or not thousands and thousands of people, linked together by allegiance to a communal ideal, shall achieve an undertaking which is of permanent importance to all subsequent mankind.

The adjective "great" is used very sparingly by the present commentator; but it may honestly be said that *The Covered Wagon* is a great picture, because it is conceived and executed in the epic mood. It does not try to do what has been done, or might be done, much better on the speaking stage; but it exhibits a communal struggle and narrates a civilizing undertaking so vast that it could not adequately be summarized within the limitations of the traditional theatre. We are interested only slightly in the semi-close-up scenes between the hero and the heroine, and we do not care particularly whether or not they marry each other at the end of the story and live happily ever after; but we do care, and care tremendously, whether or not the hundreds of prairie schooners piloted by dauntless pioneers, which started boldly westward in 1848 from the little settlement which has subsequently grown to Kansas City, shall achieve the communal quest of arriving safely in distant Oregon and shall accomplish the great civilizing task which Theodore Roosevelt once dubbed, with one of his enlightened phrases, as "the winning of the West." Individuals count for little in this epic narrative; it is the long, long train of covered wagons that evermore remains the hero of the story. We see this wagon-train, trekking over illimitable prairies, drifting over mile-wide rivers, climbing over mountain ranges, assaulted from without by hostile savages and endangered from within by dissensions and disloyalties; and we see it ultimately reaching its goal and doubling the map of the United States. And this heroic spectacle is exalting and inspiring, and makes us proud to be Americans.

A NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT

THE scenario of *The Covered Wagon* was adapted by Jack Cunningham from a novel by Emerson Hough; but the material might have been taken just as readily from Francis Parkman's volume, *The Oregon Trail*. It is only because Parkman happened to be an American dealing with American subject-matter that we have been a little hesitant to recognize the fact that he was one of the greatest historians who ever lived. Volume after volume of his historical writings is replete with the most thrilling and appealing type of motion picture material. Why is this material persistently neglected by our big producers, while millions of dollars are wasted every year in shoveling before the public the customary junk and balderdash? I should like to see a fine picturization of Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*. Any good director could take this history as it stands and shoot it without the intervention of a continuity writer; but it is highly doubtful if



the inhibitions which oppress the motion picture industry will be overcome by even so emphatic a phenomenon as the huge commercial success of *The Covered Wagon*.

The Covered Wagon is a Paramount Picture, and it is far and away the finest thing that has ever yet been launched by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. But the point should be emphatically noted that this picture is not a factory product, but essentially a one-man job. It was made thousands of miles away from Hollywood, under the supreme and sole direction of one person, who, luckily, was immune from conferences and independent of committees; and to the director, James Cruze, full credit must be given for an epic achievement that ranks very high in the annals of contemporary art.

GRUMPY

IT does not seem unfair to compare *The Covered Wagon* with another recent Paramount Picture—namely, William de Mille's production of *Grumpy*—for the purpose of emphasizing the fundamental fact that the motion picture mistakes its proper function when it merely lends itself to the translation of a stage-play into a secondary medium. William de Mille is an admirable craftsman; and, with the skillful assistance of his continuity writer, Clara Beranger, he has turned the creditable stage-play by Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval into a creditable motion picture. He has done a good job; but the question remains,—was this job worth doing? Has the screen no bigger things to deal with than the idiosyncratic cleverness of a senile criminal lawyer in ferreting out a thief by following up the strange clue of a flower with a woman's hair wound about its broken stem?

This mechanical, old-fashioned play of the school of Eugene Scribe was made popular upon the speaking stage by the ingratiating personality of Cyril Maude. But Theodore Roberts, a character actor of long experience and recognized ability, does not even approach the charm of Mr. Maude in his rendition of the rôle of Grumpy. He persistently "mugs" the part, as actors say, and grossly overacts the eccentric excrescences of the character.

In the program of *Enemies of Women*, the latest Cosmopolitan Production, the press-agent boasts of the fact that "the total cost of the picture was, in round

(Continued on page 68)



THE WINNING OF THE WEST

In *The Covered Wagon* (Famous Players-Lasky), James Cruze has made this historically honest record of the peril and glory of the pioneers.

(Right) Ramon Navarro and Alice Terry in *Where the Pavement Ends*, a thrilling South Seas picture made by Rex Ingram for Metro.

(Below) D. W. Griffith's production, *The White Rose*, in which Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton, seen here, co-star with Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello.



THE CINEMA CELEBRATES AMERICA

Epic Grandeur of Pioneer Days Distinguishes the Most Impressive Film of the Month

M . U . S . I . C

Jeanne Gordon's Triumph as Amneris. Edna Thomas a Delight in Creole Songs. Important Piano Recitals

Conducted by KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

POPULAR young leading women have little chance to go to the opera, so that the special matinee of *Aida* gave the star of a current success an authentic thrill. "Who wrote this?" she whispered to me. "Verdi," and then, with the passion of all females to instruct their sex, I added, "Giuseppe, you know — *Rigoletto* and *Trovatore* and such." She nodded.

But after the first act, when Peralta and Gordon drew Conductor Moranconi forth for a curtain-call, my actress whispered again, "Is that Verdi?"

Well, why not? If his grandest of all the grand operas sounded like youthful music to her, why should she know that Verdi had been dead these twenty years and more? *Aida* will live forever, and when we see the lissome Jeanne Gordon as Amneris, we hope that she will, too.

This young contralto from Canada has become one of the finest artists at the Metropolitan. Her face has warm, eloquent beauty, and her voice grows richer and more varied of tone each season. No matter who sings *Aida*, I always think that Rhadames really would have preferred Amneris, if Jeanne Gordon were singing.

And she is one of the most touching Brangaeines since Louise Homer concocted the love-potion, with fear and daring in her graceful gestures, and a throb in her persuasive throat.

PONSELLE PLEASES AS SELINKA

NEXT to *Aida* as a blare of brass and a "sound of fury, signifying movies," there is *L'Africaine*. Poor Meyerbeer had such joyous hopes for his last opera, and then he died just before it was produced!

They revived it at the Metropolitan in March, with gorgeous Urban scenery and a cast that should not have made old subscribers sigh for the days of Tamagno and Nordica. Eugene Scribe, who wrote the libretto, had originally the neat idea of an Indian queen singing vibrant French in the Italian *bel canto* style. But Rosa Ponselle, who was the slave-girl, Selinka (really a queen), sang in Italian. She distinctly glowed. Her make-up was rather more North American than West. One assumes that the explorer, da Gama, found an Island in the West Indies; but who knows how those natives dressed? A few feathers discreetly placed are becoming to anyone. The Ponselle voice was as luscious as ever. "Rose-leaves soaked in champagne," I wrote after her débüt four years ago. It still goes, though I plucked the phrase from a Mackenzie novel.

Gigli made a handsome Vasco da Gama. The Portuguese costume of silver and purple suited him, and he has had the taste to become almost slender. Calories are compatible with carolling, if only opera singers could believe it. That silver thread of tone which is Gigli's most valuable asset was at its best in *O Paradiso* and the rest of the score.

He has a difficult rôle. He must be lashed to the mast while the ship breaks up in a tornado. He must languish, operatically, in a dungeon where the only comforts are a fur-draped couch and a slave-girl waving an ostrich fan. And he must be married with intricate Brahmin rites, only to have his bride commit suicide.

Not every man would relish having a girl inhale the poisonous fragrance of the Manzanillo tree to set him free for the



© Elzin

ANNA FITZIUS

Popular American soprano who will soon discard Thais's coif for Salomé's seven veils.

lady he prefers. Still, it is a dramatic and selfless gesture. And it happens, even out of an opera plot.

Queena Mario was the lady upon whom Vasco had set his exploring heart. She was bewitching to watch as Ines, in her shimmering robes and in the fawn sea-going silks. Her hat, covered with mauve plumes, resisted the well-known sea moisture amazingly.

A SINCERE AND TUNEFUL NEDDA

I LIKE to hear Mario sing and a large proportion of the public is with me. Upon three hours notice, she sang Juliet when Bori was ill, and she made Gounod's music sparkle. Her Nedda is sincere rather than coquettish, which is not quite the way the little strolling player seems to me. But the Mario voice is pure and clear and easily produced. She can suggest youth without being foolishly girlish about it. That is something for which the débütante soprano should have lots of laurels, impracticable as they are for home use.

Another pleasant surprise at the opera was the gradual improvement in the sing-

ing of Lauri-Volpi. This eager tenor made a splendid Spaniard in *Animas Allegre*, without using mannerisms to suggest that he was impetuous. Then he sang Alfredo in *La Traviata* to the Violetta of Bori.

Of course, Alfredo is not a grateful rôle. You rather feel that any young man, who loved the lady of the camellias, would have been more understanding when she gave him his *congé*. He might have suspected that his interfering parent had done some propaganda for the hearth and home.

But Lauri-Volpi sang with tones that almost turned him from a lyric to a robust tenor, and he certainly looked as Alfredo should—handsome and romantic and, finally, honestly grieved.

IN THE CONCERT HALLS

IN the concert-halls, there were fiddlers, singers and pianists, the usual monthly crop of mediocre and talented aspirants. Edna Thomas, who comes from New Orleans, singing the songs of her own Louisiana, was unique.

Listening to her maid hum a spiritual one morning, while Miss Thomas waited for coffee under a magnolia tree, she heard a low humming with words, *Somebody's knocking at mah door*. By the time the coffee was dripped, she had written down the plaintive melody and caught the picturesque words.

Several new spirituals joined this on her program. *Ah Gonna Lay Down my Burdens* is one of the best in manuscript. Dressed in a beguiling 1840 gown of jade green, she sang the calls of the 'Ti Marchands of New Orleans, painting vivid pictures of the Blackberry Woman and the Chimney Sweep. Her Creole songs had vocal pantomime with *Ai Suzette* so instantly alluring that she had to sing it several times, along with *Toucouteau*.

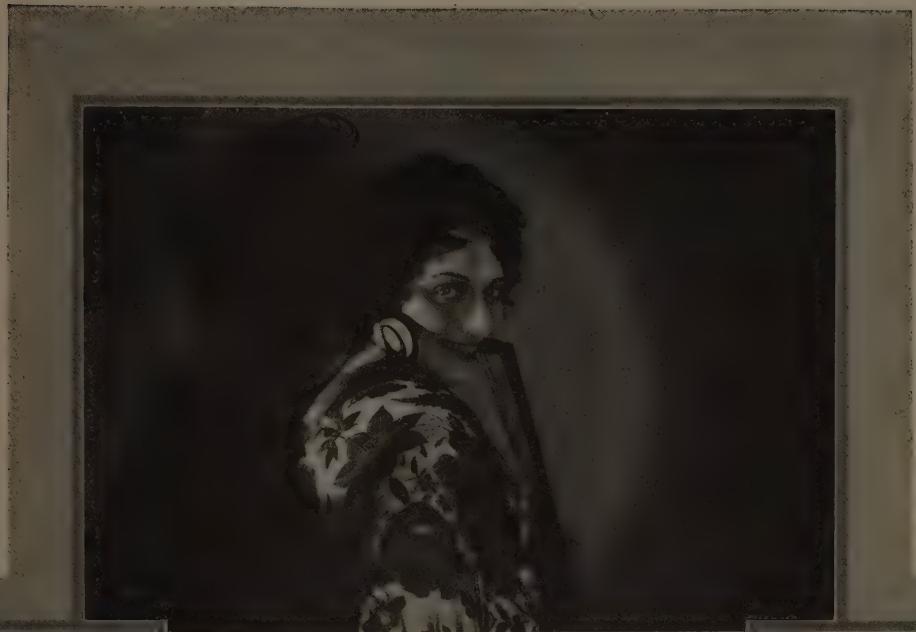
That is what singers should do—specialize. If only more sopranos and contraltos and baritones would follow her path, singing the ballads or spirituals or French folk-songs, or lieder, that they do best! That would be the golden age for music reviewers. I won't live to see it, I fear.

Another important recital was given by Erno Dohnanyi, who comes from Hungary and composes as well as he plays piano, conducting with about the same high skill. He is triple-souled probably. Albert Spalding played his concerto in D-minor for the first time with the New York Symphony, and Dohnanyi conducted. The gypsy rhythms were mostly played by the orchestra in the first movement, permitting the violinist to be a sort of murmuring accompaniment.

More alluring was the *andante*, a scarlet-hued Hungarian folk-song. Spalding used all his style, fine intonation and imagination with burnished perfection.

But at his recital in Carnegie Hall, the

(Continued on page 58)



JEANNE
GORDON

Brangaene in
Tristan und Isolde
is this beautiful
contralto's latest
triumph.

ALICE GENTLE
Pet Carmen of
the East Side,
who climbed to
the Metropolitan
and is concertiz-
ing this summer.

Hoover



© Mishkin



LAURI-VOLPI
The lawyer-turned-tenor who scored
at the Metropolitan in *Anim a Allegra*.

ERNO DOHNANYI
(Left) Hungarian composer, of the
crisp pianistic touch and persuasive
baton.



FREDERICK LAMOND
(Right) Scotch pianist who looks
like Beethoven and plays like a
poet.

HIGH LIGHTS IN MUSIC

Native and Foreign Artistes Who Have Won Distinction in Opera and Concert

ELISE BARTLETT

In whom we are interested not only because she is Joseph Schildkraut's wife, but for her lively playing of a wild herd girl in *Peer Gynt* at the same time that she is doing Judy O'Grady in *The Adding Machine*.



FLORENCE ELDRIDGE

A rapidly rising young actress whose creative and adaptive instincts have already attracted attention in such plays as *Am-bush*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and *The Love Habit*.



Photos Goldberg

HENRY HULL

Whose Roger Bloomer of the past season was an amazingly faithful study of the restlessness of youth, and who is now scheduled for the movies.



FANIA MARINOFF

Who will be found with her piquant Russian personality in a leading rôle in *Tarnish*, Gilbert Emery's new play to be produced shortly.

YOUNG BLOOD IN THE THEATRE

The American Stage Brightens with Players Like These Coming on Apace

HEARD ON BROADWAY

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by



L'Homme Qui Sait

WILL the GUITRYS come over or won't they? The Selwyns again hint that they plan bringing them here in the fall. I doubt that they will come. Certainly I doubt that papa Lucien will come. He hates travelling, he loves Paris, and he likes an apéritif not concocted by the dynamiters' union. Incidentally he can make as much money and mère in France than he can here. Wherefore and why should he come? For no reason I know. And he won't.

BILL HARRIS, Jr. has had his hands full with FAY BAINTER. Getting a satisfactory vehicle for that star has been no sinecure, and Broadway will soon learn—if it has not done so already—that the masterful and wily Harris has drawn a great ally to his side to assist him in handling the lady.

AN ACTOR PROPERLY REBUKED

KARYL NORMAN, billed in vaudeville as the "Creole Fashion Plate," created something of a sensation not long ago by upbraiding an audience for not applauding him sufficiently. It was at a Keith Cleveland theatre that Mr. Norman staged his attack and insisted that an audience should always applaud an actor whether they enjoyed him or not. Quite apart from the absurdity of Norman's contention, the poor taste exhibited fully warranted his being rebuked by the head of Keith time, E. F. ALBEE.

ROBERT MILTON, feeling in a gay mood apparently, following the Washington opening of the *As You Like It* he directed, wired SAMUEL SHIPMAN to the following effect: "Show all right except for third act. What do you name as your terms to rewrite?"

One's kept busy these days going down to the piers to say good-bye to the foreign artists who have delighted us all Winter and who are now sailing home for a well-earned vacation. All the Metropolitan song birds, of course, are on the wing. I waved farewell to ARTUR BODANZKY, happy as a child in the beautiful cabin secured for him on the *S. S. Ohio*, of the Royal Mail Line; to MARIA JERITZA, who sailed on the *S. S. America*; to THIBAUD, CORTOT, and HUGO RIESENFIELD, all of whom were fellow passengers on *S. S. Paris*, of the French Line.

THE DANCER OF THE CUT RATE

THE cut-rate ticket office at the corner of Forty-Third Street and Broadway is a great sight at the close-to-curtain hour. Mobs of piker pleasure seekers hang about like vultures waiting for the pasteboard skeletons of expiring shows to be placed on sale at bargain prices. For some shows, tickets are dumped into the cut-rate shop by the hundreds. With each making a profit of at least fifty cents for the proprietor, it is small wonder that he is reputed to be earning half a million dollars a year. The institution strikes me as a menace to the theatre business. It may throw a few more dollars into managerial coffers than a failure might otherwise draw, but also it keeps people of the sort that patronize the place—and they are legion—away from the good shows and successes in the belief that eventually they will come into their own and occupy two seats for the price of one. The thing is unhealthy on one hand and unfair to those who pay box-office rates on the other.

I hear JAMES K. HACKETT is not coming home as was planned. He is missing a good chance to ride back on the crest of a wave of continental popularity that may break before it grows larger.

BREWERS USE PLAY AS HORRID EXAMPLE

MR. HORNBLOW was terrified lest England be visited by WILL PAGE'S prohibition play, *The Bootleggers*, and said in his notice some months ago that if ever the piece were done in London he could never look another Britisher in the face. Now, at last, he's face to face with the grim necessity of keeping his word, inasmuch as *The Bootleggers* is to be given on the Strand under the title, *So This Is Prohibition!* It is said to be backed by a combine of English brewers who desire to show their countrymen a horrid example of what any effort to curtail liquor is apt to result in!

I hear—though it is hard to believe—that EUGENE O'NEILL is to abandon Provincetown after many years of faithful residence there and has purchased a place elsewhere. O'NEILL'S health has not been good of late and possibly a change of clime is on the books for him.

SAMUEL SHIPMAN keeps a large Times Building office in constant motion doing nothing but care for his royalty receipts. Shippy's huge popular successes such as *East Is West*, *Friendly Enemies*, *Lawful Larceny* and others are in the "stocks" now and drawing a princely income monthly.

A REAL CO-OPERATION OF CHURCH AND STAGE

WHILE Dr. STRATON is damning the theatre and ascribing to its baneful influence the woes of the world, other pillars of the church are turning to the stage for support to their doctrines and their organizations. No more interesting plan for stirring up attention and providing lucid interpretation of holy text has been evolved than by the Reverend Brothers Rose, heads respectively of the First Universalist churches of Newark and Rochester, who give every Sunday evening in their houses of worship an entire play by lantern slide and lecture that brings home the message of the value of faith and human decency. The popular successes are the plays so given and it is extraordinary the virtue and lesson that these intelligent ecclesiastics can read into a light bit that seems superficially to be just "plain entertainment."

In the last issue of this magazine I said: "It is not generally known that PEGGY WOOD is the wife of JOHN V. A. WEAVER." Mr. Weaver writes in to correct this reckless statement. He admits he enjoys the proud privilege of being engaged to Miss Wood, but courteously reminds us that marriage bells have still to ring. Congratulations are in order, in any case.

HENRY MILLER'S marvellous star cast of *The Changelings*, which includes such names as BLANCHE BATES, RUTH CHATTERTON, LAURA HOPE CREWES, and FELIX KREMBS, will be shown to every big town in America before New York gets it, apparently! Perhaps Mr. Miller may not permit New York to see it at all! By way of retribution for not having done a bit better by his fine performance as Pasteur.

So *Peter Pan* is to be screened at last! It should make a rare and beautiful story for the films. But it will come as a surprise to many people to know that Sir JAMES BARRIE has put down his foot on the pictures being made by an American company. The illustrious literary knight has declared that only an all British company can do justice to his tale and it is within the boundaries of the British Isles that all the scenes will be laid and photographed, which seems a little ungrateful of Sir James who, much as he has been appreciated in England, has been thrice appreciated here and whose tale of *The Little Minister* has had two different and excellent American screen renditions.

MARC CONNELLY and ARTHUR RICHMAN, who sailed simultaneously, but not together, for Europe on May 12th, are at present in England laying a preliminary barrage for the American summer drive.

It now looks as though BILLIE BURKE'S appearance in *The Swan* might be prevented by interior and incomprehensible difficulties. It will miss for Miss Burke a chance to do the finest thing she has done in years.

BARNUM WAS RIGHT

I AM surprised that an old showman like Al Woods should attempt so absurd a thing as to reduce his box office prices for a production and expect the crowd to come in consequence. The crowd comes to the theatre, not because they can get in cheaply, but because they believe that what they are coming in to see will entertain, amuse and interest them. They will come if they have to pay \$5 a seat as the *Chauve-Souris* and the Moscow Art indicated. Woods' gesture of effecting a \$2 top for *Morphia* advertised to the wide, wide world that that was all he thought the show was worth. He could have made his top fifty cents and not have induced more people to come to his theatre. As a matter of fact, I bet three tin hats that if he had raised his top to \$3 instead of lowering it to \$2, more people would have come than did to see *Morphia*!

Talking of the Moscow Art Theatre, as we seem constantly to be doing, its preliminary hit in Chicago was astounding. The Chicago theatrical season has been miserable. The little money Chicago has given to its theatres has gone for the most part to inferior stuff. But the Loop certainly turned out in force to spend its little \$5 apiece to hear a language they could not understand.

BALIEFF begged me to persuade MORRIS GEST to let him stage a production in English. But the clever Morrie elected that the old maxim about a man sticking to his last language was a good one and the nearest that Balieff could get to English before he sailed was in his pathetic and amusing announcements between the numbers of the *Chauve-Souris*.

ALEXANDRA CARLISLE is making one of the biggest personal hits of her career in the Boston production of *The Fool*.

LOOK BEFORE LEAPING CONTRACTS

THE MOSCONIS, after having invested a great wad of money in a Broadway dance hall, were thereupon prevented from profiting by it due to their contractual tie-ups. A legal pilot is not a bad thing to have when one is about to put money into the harbors of entertainment.

A little bad management in the Shubert office. *Springtime of Youth*, a Shubert musical show, was playing in Philadelphia and its newspaper advertising copy said:

"*Springtime of Youth*" now playing at the so and so Theatre.
Better than "Maytime."

The unhappy part of it all is that directly beneath was the line:

Next week, "Maytime."

which gave a great laugh to Philadelphia and didn't do much good to the Shubert company playing *Maytime* when it did come in!

The SINGER MIDGETS were waiting at a small railroad station for a train, which was very late. One of the little fellows spent his time consuming great cups of coffee and by the time the train arrived he was fairly pop-eyed and had to be tossed into his upper berth by the porter. The next morning a travelling salesman, who had had the berth under him, was asked by a fellow traveller whether he had slept well. "No," replied the salesman, "I had a rotten night. I was kept

awake nearly five hours by someone pacing up and down overhead!" The picture of the wee SINGER striding wakefully from one end of his cot to the other in nervous desperation and finally throwing himself disconsolate and wide-eyed into the hammock is a gorgeous one.

It seems a long time now since ERNEST TORRANCE was a musical show comic. The pictures took him. And he made his first success in *Tol'able David*. And now comes his success as the Western pathfinder in that stupendous picture *The Covered Wagon*, which I hear is to be followed soon by his starring in a forthcoming version of W. J. Locke's novel, *The Mountebank*.

A RENDEZVOUS OF CELEBRITIES

WHILE FRANK CASE at the Algonquin seems to be attracting the patronage of the theatre's literary *illuminata*, the Knickerbocker Grill certainly gets all the other experts. At any lunch hour can be seen such varied types as ADAMO DIDUR, ZYBYSZKO, MICHAEL BOHNEN, ANDREAS de SEGUROLA, and LUIS FIRPO. Here and there at other tables are ED. ZIEGLER with JACQUES URBAN, ARTUR BODANZKY, SAM HARRIS, SOL BLOOM, the newly elected Congressman, SAM SHIPMAN, ARTHUR HOPKINS, IRVING BERLIN, LEW FIELDS, JOE WEBER, PAUL and LOUIS MEYER, EDGAR SELWYN, CROSBY GAIGE, WILLIAM THORNER, and FORTUNO GALLO.

FERENZ MOLNAR is one of the few celebrated wits who are as witty when one meets them as they are in their written works. His famous play, *Liliom*, despite the fact it has been a great American success, has never taken hold of Molnar's native audiences in Budapest. Due, however, to his standing as a national literary genius, *Liliom* is performed every now and then out of courtesy to him. At the time of his birthday last year, *Liliom* was revived and an American was congratulating him. "Ah," said Molnar, "you are too kind. Believe me, *Liliom* tonight has failed for the hundredth time!"

A. H. WOODS, better known as "Al," is famous for the colloquial and genial manner of his addressing practically everyone with whom he comes in contact. Most men are to Al "darling" and all women "sweetheart." But GEORGE BERNARD SHAW had the distinction of eliciting a new one from the noted American manager. Woods was sitting in a London theatrical office one day chatting with some English managers when a clerk entered and announced that Mr. Shaw was on the telephone and wished to speak with Mr. Woods. The Englishmen sat up respectfully at the mere mention of the Exalted's name. Woods picked up the receiver and in startled amazement to his listeners commenced his conversation with "Well, buddy, how are you?"

INA CLAIRE has long complained that writing men, neither playwrights nor interviewers, could ever "get her." The figure of speech was made something more than that when upon meeting James Whitaker, the Chicago newspaper man, she realized that she was being understood for the first time in her life and he "got her" to the extent of making her Mrs. Whitaker.

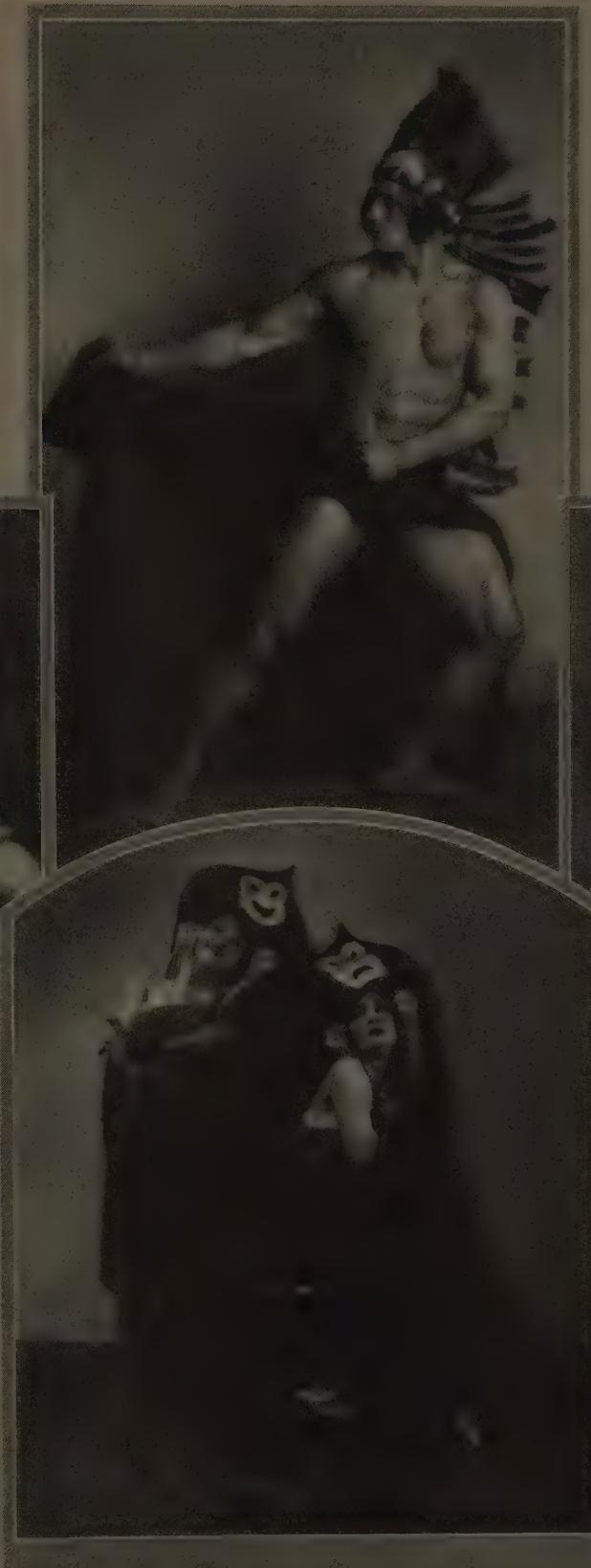
END OF AN IMPERFECT SEASON

SO the Barrymore-Longacre fiasco is over. I presume the fall will see Madame Ethel back in the provinces playing *The Laughing Lady* to capacity in the vast theatrical emporiums in the territory west of the Hudson River. This will at least achieve the result of repairing for ARTHUR HOPKINS some of the losses made for him by the family Barrymore this season.

FRED JACKSON, whose play, *The Naughty Wife*, ran nearly two solid years in London, has still never visited the world's largest town and plans doing so as soon as his recent farce, *Cold Feet*, is able to get along without him. He will probably sail July 1.

Little EDWIN MILLS, the baby actor who has made a stir by the fine handling of the title part in *Zander the Great*, is a nephew of MARY EATON, the Follies star. The beginnings, apparently, of another great theatrical family at the Empire!

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN will again saunter across the face of Continental Europe this summer,—to return, no doubt, with a flock of names with which to taunt the Broadway that never heard of them.



D'AMORE FRANKLYN
An acrobat whose exhibition of strength in the Franklyn-Charles troupe on Keith circuit is distinguished by a fluent grace and beauty.

(Below)

JULIET

Comedienne and mimic, an entertainer of exceptional intelligence and charm, in her subtly satiric impression of Nazimova.



MARMEIN SISTERS

A dancing team which presents an act of unusual taste and finish, in an artistic dance interpretation of the drama.

PAULINE

Who disclaims the title of "hypnotist" but controls by mental suggestion the subjects who assist him in his remarkable exhibition in the music halls.

Goldberg

THE ESSENCE OF VAUDEVILLE

Elements of the Comic, Dramatic, Mystic and Picturesque As They Go Into Variety's Melting Pot

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE



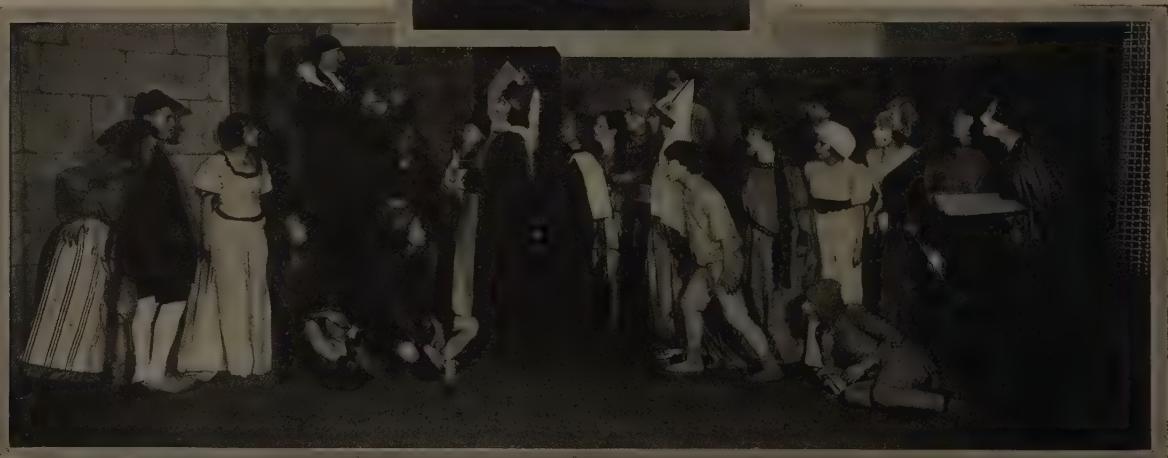
THE WASHINGTON SQUARE COLLEGE PLAYERS

With many play producing experiments of more than usual interest to their credit, the Washington Square College Players recently added to their repertory of thirty plays, an amusing original two-act comedy, *At the Sign of the Greedy Pig* by Charles S. Brooks, published in his book, *Frightful Plays*. The costumes were designed by Morris Lapidus, one of the group, and executed by the Costume Department, all the women's costumes having been made by the students who wore them. The set, designed by Richard Ceough, was built by the technical staff.

Above: An amusing exchange of compliments between the Surgeon, armed with a large and efficient cleaver, (played by Edward Fitzhugh) and the impostor, Dr. Bombastes, played by Richard Ceough, with Morris Lapidus in the rôle of the student, and Milton McCleneghan as Jules.

Center: Anne Mitchell as Mistress Trencher, in a mediaeval costume of her own fashioning.

Below: Scene from *The Sign of the Greedy Pig*—"in the square of an ancient city, at a remote time, when the earth was flat, when comets were of evil prophecy, and witches still rode on the windy moon"!



The Amateur's Green Room

THE PELHAM PLAYERS

YOUNG folk, married and unmarried folk; all sorts of folk, some with talent and some without, but all eager for expression, make up the membership of the Drama Section of the Pelham Manor Club, New York, but this energetic and enterprising group, thanks to a highly organized staff, co-ordination of effort, and the directing genius of Mr. Vernon Radcliffe, have achieved an unusually high level of excellence in their productions, in both mounting and acting.

Their ambition is to fill the gap—and it is frequently a wide one—between the amateur group which essays only the tried and proven play, mounted on a stage bare of setting; and the professional stage.

In their efficiently equipped theatre in the Pelham Manor Club House, really in the nature of an experimental dramatic workshop, they offer careful and sympathetic interpretation and mounting to original plays of merit, by authors who might otherwise strive for years in the professional world, for recognition always just beyond their reach, because of lack of opportunity to properly present their plays.

The setting for their latest production, *Wappin' Wharf*, was painted by Henry E. Dey, and built by a resourceful stage crew, who reversed the interior sets used for a previous play and painted the pirate's cabin

on the back. There was a window, fashioned of tissue paper, which looked out on the distant coast, and a great fireplace added the final note of realism. The cost of the entire production did not exceed twenty dollars—this in spite of the fact that professional producers spend thousands of dollars to gain similar stage effects. But it remains for a resourceful group like these playmakers of Pelham to turn old scenery to account and convert prosaic peach baskets into fascinating ship's lanterns, like the one shown above the pirates, grouped about the table!

The Manor Club Players are eager for original full length plays; they invite authors to submit their manuscripts to Mr. Vernon Radcliffe, Pelham, N. Y., and they promise prompt and careful reading.

MUSICAL COMEDY—BACHELOR OF ARTS

IN this season of the year, when hundreds of colleges throughout the country are pouring their thousands of graduates into the veins of business, and heads of departments in many professions are turning over the names of new college bred, and there-

fore supposedly better equipped men for responsible positions, how many theatrical managers are doing likewise?

These same managers and producers, no doubt, will arise with the very bromidic answer that the college does not prepare men for their profession, as it does for the engineering, banking, medical and other walks of life. But is this correct?

In practically every large institution of learning from New York to California, dramatic clubs flourish, and particularly musical comedy clubs.

Meanwhile the musical comedy producers and the managers are scouring European capitals for material which they claim is so sadly lacking in the United States, and each year the colleges are turning out unknown authors, musicians, actors, dancers, and designers, which other forms of business, and other professions are absorbing.

In these colleges, young men are for four years actively engaged in the production of musical plays, revues, and comedies; the writing of the book, the composing of the music, the creation of the costumes, the designing and building of the scenery; in fact every phase of the complicated system of musical shows is in their hands, from acting and directing, to advertising and selling the show to their public; putting the company on the road, keeping it going, and making it pay.

(Concluded on page 72)



Photo W. M. Westervelt

The interior of the pirate's cabin in the "frightful" comedy, *Wappin' Wharf*, by Charles S. Brookes, presented for the first time by the Drama Section of Pelham Manor Club, with Mr. Sterling T. Foote as "Red" Joe; Mrs. H. Campbell Townsend as "Darlin'"; Mr. J. Campbell Townsend as "Patch-eye"; Mr. William Currie as the "Captain," and Mr. Vernon Radcliffe as "The Duke." In the inset: a close-up of Mr. Radcliffe in his "frightful" rôle. This production was representative of "amateur" effort raised to the nth degree of artistry and skillful stage management.

The Fiesta at Santa Fe

A Community Pageant That Had its Origin Nearly Three Hundred Years Ago

By S. OMAR BARKER

THE success of community dramatics depends upon the fullest utilization of the peculiar resources and advantages of any given community more than anything else. Therefore it behooves the community theatre, lacking the distinction of highly trained, professional acting, to make use of whatever peculiar features exist locally. The community theatre must be distinctive or it is nothing. This is trite truth, yet so thoroughly is it demonstrated in the Ancient City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis, known as Santa Fe, capital of New Mexico and oldest capital in the United States, that it is worth repeating.

THE DE VARGAS PAGEANT

SANTA FE has had a Little Theatre group, but her great success is that annual period of colorful historical pageantry known as the "Santa Fe Fiesta," which occurs in the month of September, continuing over a period of three days. The first of these is Santa Fe Trail Day, its pageantry consisting of a parade not unique or distinctive except for the fact that the keynote is reality rather than befrilled allegorical episodes. In the 1922 spectacle *The Commerce of the Prairies* was pictured from prehistoric to modern times—the Indians being real Indians, the pioneers real pioneers, the Spaniards real Spanish-Americans, the whole thing occurring at the unchanged end of a very real old path of prairie commerce—The Santa Fe Trail.

Another day was designated Indian Day and the ceremonial dancers of more than a dozen different Pueblos and tribes held the stage. There were no artificially conceived effects in this.

At the heart of the Fiesta and occupying the morning of the biggest day is the De Vargas Pageant. All of this is mentioned as a background for a brief sketch of the community theatre phase of the Fiesta. In 1680 the Pueblo Indians rebelled and drove out the Spanish conquerors. In 1693 Don Diego de Vargas reconquered all of the Spanish possessions then known as New Mexico. His triumphal entry into Santa Fe was an affair of considerable historical importance and of vast pomp and ceremony. In 1712 the then Governor and Captain-General of the Provinces issued an ordinance to the effect that once each year in the month of September these ceremonies should be re-enacted in honor of de Vargas and his reconquest of the Pueblos for the

Crown and the Cross, and it is this de Vargas Pageant, celebrated annually without a break for 210 years, that formed the nucleus of the now famous Santa Fe Fiesta. It is the de Vargas Pageant in which Santa Feans, from newsboys to supreme court justices, appear in full and accurate old Spanish costume, that annually presents an example of community accomplishment in pageantry that is the marvel of hundreds of visitors.

Under the expert historical direction of

performers but presented by the people whose life they reflected. And in order that these and the historical playlets offered might be presented to the best advantage Santa Fe erected a unique Little Theatre.

The structure is a segment of the back wall of the old Governors' Palace replaced by a stage forty feet long and about thirty feet deep, opening onto the open air *Patio* or court of the Old Palace. The entire structure is built in the graceful, but unsophisticated lines of the Santa Fe-Pueblo architecture with the usual dull plaster finish of the Indian pueblo. All the wood work is of unpainted beams, either hewn or peeled round after the fashion of the Indian pueblos and of the old Spanish missions. The floor, of course, is modern, but in keeping with the character of the plays; the proscenium is of rough timbers with the protruding beams so picturesquely typical of the Spanish-Indian architecture.



© A. Fagerberg

The De Vargas ceremonies at the Santa Fe Fiesta, with real Indians, and the descendants of the original Spanish settlers, lending color to a pageant in which the entire community, from newsboys to supreme court justices, take part, arrayed in the old Spanish costumes of other days.

Colonel R. E. Twitchell there comes to life on the narrow, crooked old streets of Santa Fe a day out of the glory of Spain in the 17th century. Heralds in velvets and plumes announce the approach of the conqueror and then, before the very same old Palace of the Governors, over the same road that saw the real spectacle in 1693, there appear plumed knights, armored troopers, gray cowled Franciscan monks, feathered Indians, dusty foot soldiers, velvet robed officials, and in their midst one of New Mexico's prominent men in the costume of de Vargas the Conqueror. The re-enactment of these ceremonies is very impressive and offers a striking illustration of the use of local peculiarities of history and race in pageantry.

A UNIQUE LITTLE THEATRE

THE Fiesta in 1922 possessed a new phase, however, which is of especial interest. Afternoons and evenings were given over to various entertainments, consisting largely of Indian dance ceremonials and of Spanish folksongs and dances, not interpreted by imitators nor professional

the background, a 17th century Spanish interior, a 17th century Spanish *patio* representing the identical spot upon which the theatre has been erected, and an Indian pueblo exterior showing an Indian *kiva* or ceremonial chamber up center right. The scenes were painted on canvas by Gerald Cassidy, noted artist of the Indian and western colony at Santa Fe. Instead of panels Mr. Cassidy plied his effective brush upon canvas strips which could be easily rolled up. Thus in changing scenes the walls were merely rolled into bundles like rolls of wallpaper and the new scene fastened at the top of the appropriate framework and unrolled.

The effectiveness of Mr. Cassidy's scenes was indescribable. The Indians, real, untutored Pueblos fresh and dirty from their villages were in a buzz of wonderment to see their own desert and their own tribal *kivas* reproduced before them. The illusion of setting was perfect. I heard blasé New Yorkers exclaim upon its perfection. Mr. Cassidy is not a scene painter. He is, however, a remarkably effective artist in oils. (Continued on page 72)



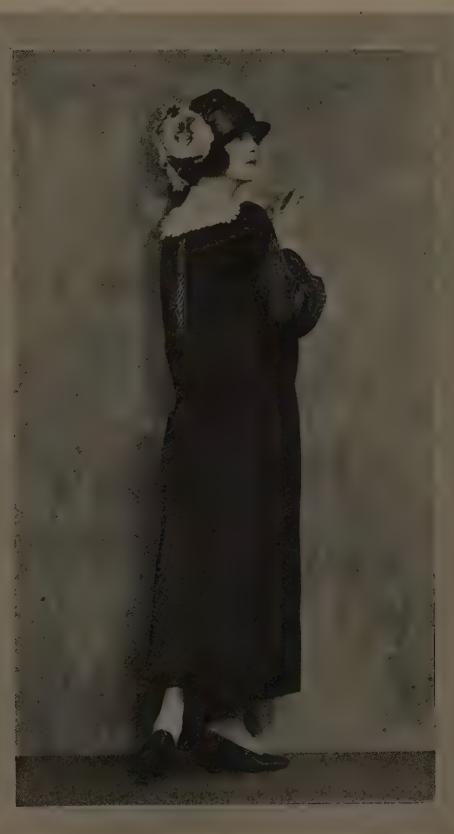
Jenny names this frock "Eve" and coils a glittering serpent of black and red and green sequins about the waist of a black crepe frock, adding an apron panel of black lace.

In a season one of whose strongest notes is rich contrast in color a frock of old blue crepe has wide mandarin sleeves of Chinese red embroidered in dull gold.

F A S H I O N

As Interpreted by
the Actress

Nickolas Muray



On a Jeanne Halle model the modern bustle effect is achieved by tying a navy twill over a silk slip printed in blue and white.

Models from J. M. Gidding.

Worn by Mary Lewis

of the Ziegfeld Follies



"I want you and I must have you," James Rennie repeats to Miss Eldridge through the three acts of *The Love Habit*, and every woman in the audience feels that that exactly expresses her ideas with regard to Miss Eldridge's clothes. Green crepe de chine and gold lace are combined in a first act frock, the lace forming a deep cape that hangs below the waist in the back. Miss Eldridge adds green kid shoes, ribbon-laced, giving an illustration of the proper time and place for wearing the new colored shoes.

Georgette checkered in squares of tomato and pale yellow, with collar and cuffs of yellow organdie, forms the charmingly graceful frock part of a two-piece costume, of which the coat is shown below. The smart shoes are in dark brown leather with inserts of tan.



This dinner frock of Miss Eldridge's brings gasps of admiration from the audience for its originality obtained by such simple means. To a bodice of black crepe de chine is added a somewhat full skirt of fine black lace edged in scallops, and at the side is placed the most gorgeously dashing bow of petunia pink moire, wired into a crispness. Miss Eldridge's shoes of soft black kid have particularly graceful vamps and heels and an original method of straps held with a round cut steel ornament in front.

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE

IN "THE LOVE HABIT"

WEARS THREE OF THE

SEASON'S SMARTEST

STAGE FROCKS

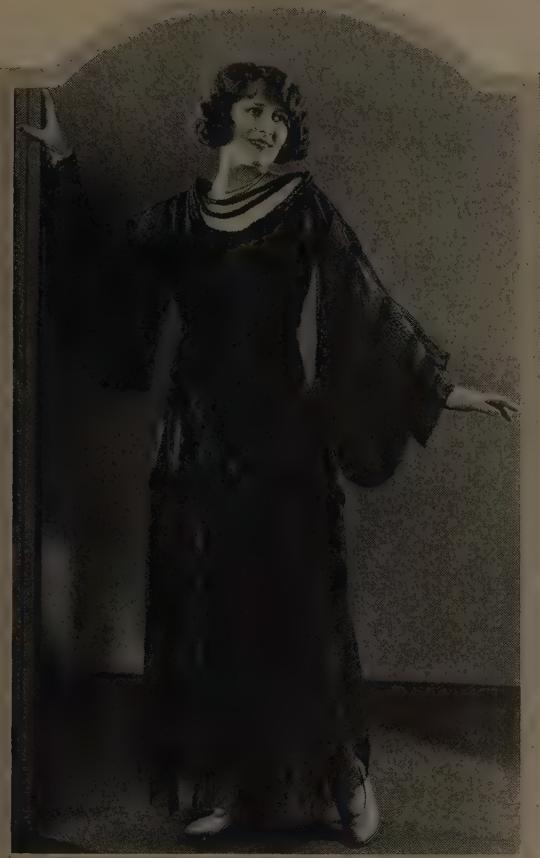
Models from Bergdorf Goodman



Miss Eldridge's coat of beige twill that slips over the checkered georgette frock above making a perfect traveling or shopping costume for a warm day. Her hat is of tomato colored straw wrapped with a scarf of chiffon in the same color.

Miss Eldridge's shoes from Shoecraft.

White Studios



Cynthia Cambridge from *Jack and Jill* lent her tall graceful figure to the posing of this striking model of black taffeta, chiffon and Cluny lace. A dashing note of color is given by the ribbon rosette of black and yellow dripping scintillating yellow and white beads.



We could wish nothing better for any lady than the possession of one of Boué Soeurs' lingerie frocks, whose grace, and beauty make them almost in the nature of museum pieces. This model with its apron panels is dropped over a silver tissue slip and sashed with pale blue taffeta.



Amusingly Persian in atmosphere and smartly practical as well is a two-piece blue taffeta model, which is shown here left and right with and without its coat. The top part of the frock with its full peplum is of figured georgette in rose and blue cashmere tones, bordered with the taffeta, the turban Miss Cambridge wears carrying out the same color combinations.



ENGLISH BEAUTY
IN CREATIONS
FROM
BOUÉ SOEURS

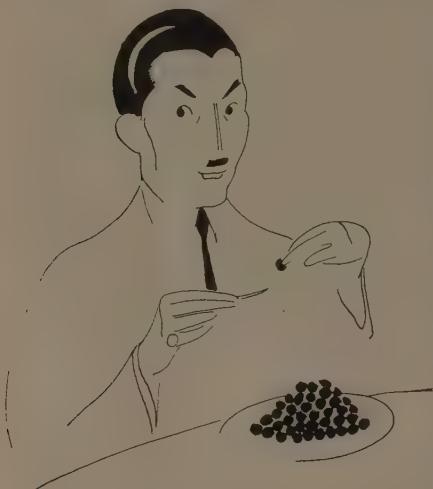
White Studios

THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

She dines in Bohemia on Italian snails and discusses love and other frivolous topics

—HANEMAN '25

WE were having dinner at an Italian restaurant, Tubby and I, with several foreigners at the table . . . an Italian . . . two Russians . . . one of them Kobeleff, former dancing partner of Pavlova, who now has a wonderful school here in New York . . . and a little French dancer studying under him. Each of us was engrossed in ecstatically consuming a dish of *lumachine*, which takes the whole of one's mind. *Lumachine* are Italian snails . . . like the French *escargots*, because



"Lof? W're I heer thees woor'd befor'" remarked a cynical young Italian, eating snails.

they're so different. For whereas one gets only a round dozen in an order of French snails, one gets a small heap of *lumachine* . . . fully fifty or sixty to an order . . . and whereas one eats French snails daintily with special implements, at least in America, one wades full tilt into the *lumachine*, extracting the snails from their dear little black homes with a simple toothpick . . . They only appear on the menu of this restaurant a few times each year, and when they do, it's a special event . . . The patron telephones Tubby and he breaks whatever other engagement he has, if possible, and goes over.

And fancy . . . of all impossible occasions the conversation turned on love . . . Snails and love! What a combination!

I think I was the one who started it . . . or no, I guess it was Tubby . . . I had said to him that I had to go to a dull stodgy party later on in the evening, and what in the dickens was I to talk about? Someone said, whether flatteringly or nastily I couldn't tell, "Imagine Angelina being at a loss for something to say" . . . But Tubby was more practical. He offered a suggestion. Said he, "Oh, start a discussion on love. Then you don't have to do any of the talking. 'Love' is my great standby. When a party is dying away on

its feet, I just say, looking very intensely at my next-door neighbor and in a loud tone so that I can be overheard, 'Yes, but what about *love*?' And in a minute the whole room is all waked up and laying down the law on the subject for dear life. I can retire to the sidelines with my drink and drowse. No one in the world, of course, but has the most definite ideas on love . . . as a rule perfectly idiotic, and not worth listening to, but once started they can talk all night."

And just to prove Tubby's theory, it needed only the suggestion of the suggestion of the ingratiating topic to set everyone at the table off . . . even mumbling snails at the same time . . .

Kobeleff was the most amusing . . .

"Lof?" he said. "No, I do not like *lof*. It is too serious . . . Infatooation . . . that is what I like . . . Infatooation . . . Ah, delicious . . . It comes . . . it goes . . . there is no responsibility . . ."

Simone, the little French dancer, fixed him reproachfully with her beautiful brown eyes. She didn't wish to say anything that was incompatible with her French ideas of courtesy, but really that last remark . . . it did merit a rebuke . . .

"Perhaps, Monsieur Kobeleff," she said severely, "You are not capable of *love*."

Monsieur Kobeleff accepted the rebuke imperturbably. He shrugged his shoulders and thought it was doubtless so. Whereat the Italian, who having lived in New York a year or two has become somewhat cynical over what he considers the frivolous and shifting nature of American marriages and love affairs in general, remarked sarcastically, "Lof? W're I heer thees woor'd befor'"

"Speaking of being desperately in *love*," said Tubby, "Angelina, after a desert interval of months, saw her screen crush David Powell again last night at The Rivoli, in *The Glimpses of the Moon*. How long has this *passionette* of yours lasted, Angelina?"

"Oh, ages," I replied, "At least a year . . . I am . . ."

But no one would discuss with me the fascinations of David Powell . . . how enchanting the depth of his eyelids . . . like Nazimova's . . . and how swanky the wearing of his clothes . . . and how beautifully he kisses with his back shoulders, if you know what I mean . . . But they did discuss the picture . . . It was a good picture at that . . . awfully well set and cast with Bebe Daniels, and the gorgeous Nita Naldi, both wearing frightfully smart clothes . . . And I was much pleased to find that in the cast as well was Rubye de Remer, back on the screen after an absence of two years, who though extremely slender, shows as ever the lovely facial bone structure that made Paul Helleu, the artist, proclaim her "the most beautiful

woman in America" when he was last here. Also she showed her same pretty taste in costume.

Speaking of costume, how satisfactory Jobyna Howland always is. Wherever you see her she always looks the smartest thing possible, but perhaps especially so on the street . . . Tubby and I ran into her coming from The Ritz Saturday afternoon, looking perfectly stunning in one of the latest Persian jacquettes with dark pleated skirt . . . A turban in the Persian colors and scarlet shoes with what I like to call "human" colored stockings made a gorgeous ensemble, everything carrying out the red-brown Cashmere tones. How distressing, by the way, that the wrong ways of wearing colored shoes . . . in the rain and mud . . . at all hours, in all places, with all costumes . . . have already cheapened what started out to be one of the most charming fashions we have had.



Jobyna Howland, always smart wherever one encounters her, was seen coming from The Ritz wearing the choker necklace of the hour in large pink pearls with earrings to match.

The colored shoes, if worn on the street, should be kept for such occasions as Miss Howland's . . . and such occasions as lunch or tea at the smarter hotels or restaurants, where dressy clothes are the order of the day. Otherwise they should be reserved for the house, or for summer frocks . . . and I am hoping that the latter will perfectly restore the fashion to prestige and sanity . . . Strange how many women in other respects with taste and a sense of fitness have transgressed with regard to the colored shoes . . . The bright shades seem to have gone to their heads and completely dazzled them.

LE TALC
DE COTY
PARIS



This exquisite Talcum Powder imparts a velvety smoothness, a fragrant freshness to the skin. It is of impalpable fineness in texture. Obtainable in all Coty perfume odeurs. Colours: White and Rose.

*"The Art of Perfuming"
a booklet of interest to every lovely woman - on request*

COTY INC.
Coty PREST
714 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE SUPREME TOILETTE POWDER OF LINGERING PERFUME



A new brown Shetland golf suit, jacket two buttoned sack cut loose, knickerbockers plus-fours made with extra weave. Brown checked stockings; white oxford shirt with club tie.



Interesting costume for informal Country Club wear. Light grey double breasted jacket, white flannel trousers cut full; black patent leather oxfords, white shirt with solid blue tie, Monte Cristo hat.

Smart Styles For Country Wear

By *QUILLER*

NOW that the season is well under way, golfing togs are of timely interest both to the man who goes in for the game seriously, and the man who merely plays at it—in many cases—for a legitimate excuse to wear the easiest and most uniformly becoming sport costume that has yet been devised for outdoor wear.

Until lately, the majority of golfers were content to concentrate all their attention on the game itself, paying little heed to the attractiveness of the golf outfit, but they are gradually coming to realize that it is, in itself, an easy and agreeable departure from conventional everyday dress.

Walter Hagen, who leads the profes-

sionals as the best groomed golfer in the public eye, is extremely fastidious about his dress on the links; in fact in a recent article, the ingenious argument was advanced that he selected conspicuous golf togs for his matches in order to make his opponents ever conscious of his appearance, thereby handicapping them by taking their minds off the game. Of course there is sound psychology in that argument, but whether it is true or not, Hagen is noted for his good taste in dress, and when away from the game, his appearance is always that of a man who gives considerable thought to his clothes.

The golf suit has become quite conserva-

tive in its lines and a good example of what will be worn this season is the model shown in figure 1. This suit shows the influence of English tailoring, and is a good all round model for outdoors. In fact, these clothes are fast becoming the idle-about costume. They are worn at the country club and due to their design are well adapted to motoring. The suit shown in the illustration is made of Shetland, into which, in the knickerbockers, an extra stripe is woven, by way of contrast to the material in the jacket—a two-button model, cut loose without such superficialities as the belted back and patch pockets. The knickerbockers

(Continued on page 66)



A new combination foulard cravat and handkerchief can be had in all colors. Scarf, Price \$2.00; handkerchief, \$4.00



Two slip-on sweaters with striped neck bands. Color combinations are black and red, blue and red, black and orange, and light blue and white. Heavy coarse wear sweater. Price, \$12.00. Light slip-on, \$8.50.



Grey viyella flannel shirt for country wear; also in tan, blue, peach, and yellow shades. Price, \$10.00.

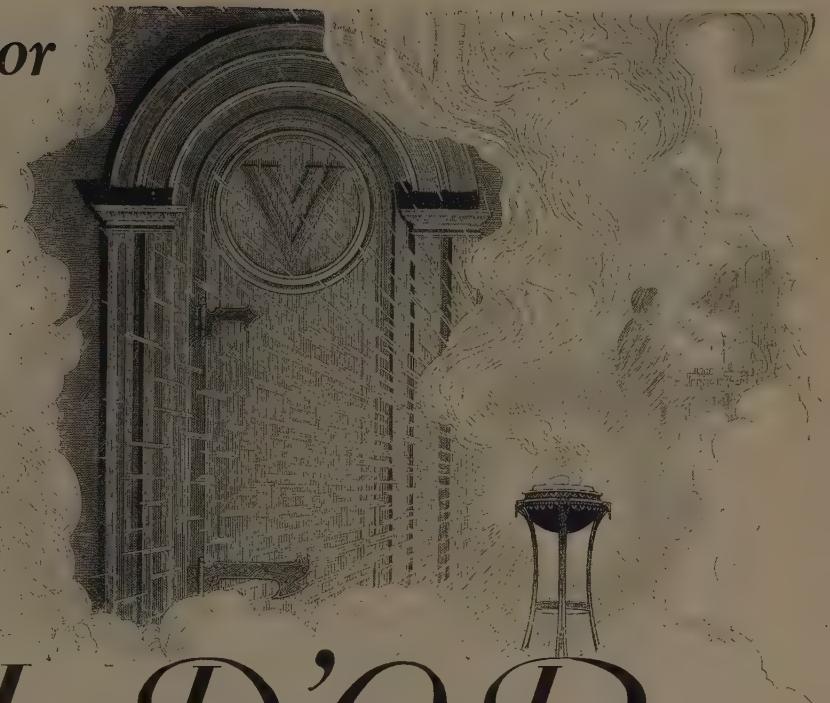
The Mysterious Door

*It guards the most sought for
secret in the world*

LIKE alchemists of old, perfumers have spent their lives seeking in vain the secret which Vivaudou has at last found. Always wizard of perfumery, Vivaudou has now made the greatest single contribution to the art of perfume.

Perhaps you have heard of the famous Door of Mystery, that has stirred the amazed interest of the perfume world. But you can never know what marvelous secret it jealously guards. Only Vivaudou and the four walls know.

But to give to you the bewildering appeal of this secret, Vivaudou has created Mai d'Or.



MAI D'OR

-more than merely a fragrance

IN Mai d'Or there is something not found in any other fragrance. It is within the secret door that Mai d'Or is given a new quality that no other perfume has ever had. How this mysterious power is imparted no one will ever know, but Mai d'Or alone of all perfumes can possess it.

The moment you breathe its fragrance you instantly know that it is not only fragrance—but something exquisitely more. With it you wield a new and delightful power—it stimulates you to greater heights of charm. It has delicacy and subtlety and refinement—but softly hidden in the folds of its refinement there lurks an un-

suspected power—truly the power to charm. For Mai d'Or is more than merely a fragrance.

Mai d'Or possesses the capacity to charm; it is at once the flashing eyes of the gay coquette—the warm soft color of the debutante—the sinuous grace of the silken gowned Parisienne. It appeals—it attracts—it excites the interest of those about you; the envy of women—the homage of men. Will you let another hour exist without knowing the compelling charm of it?

Vivaudou's Mysterious Door will hold its secret as stolidly as the Sphinx, but you may know that in this very secret lies the difference in the Mai d'Or fragrance—the reason that you will prefer it.

Send for Sample and "The Story of the Secret Door"

Write now for a tiny bottle of Mai d'Or and a bit of the exquisite powder in a new pat-a-cake-puff—the powder, besides being so soft, contains the mysterious fragrant quality—for it too, is perfumed with Mai d'Or. Send only 20 cents for both to defray the cost of

sending it to you—the perfume and powder together represent a real value.

And until they are gone we will include the interesting book "The Story of the Secret Door" with hints on how to use perfume effectively.

Send stamps or coin to Vivaudou
Dept. J-D-6, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York

You will want to know all of these Mai d'Or Toiletries

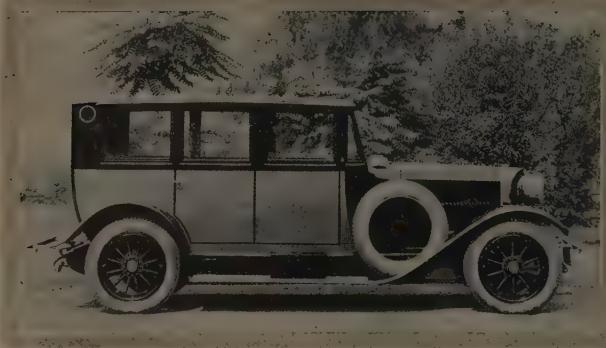
POUDRE—POUDRES COMPACTES—ROUGES—EAU DE TOILETTE—PARFUM—TALC—CREME—SAVON

All are enriched with the marvelous Mai d'Or fragrance. Perhaps you would like to try the Vanity Size Perfume—convenient for dressing table or to tuck in your purse.

Ask for Mai d'Or at any good store



Paris VIVAUDOU New York



A recent importation—six-passenger Sedan on the Benz 16-50 six cylinder chassis. Coach work by Joseph Neuss of Berlin. Interior wood-work is of Hungarian Ash, upholstery flowered leather. The body is painted gray with an overlay of black cane work.



Custom built motor car as constructed for the fastidious motorist of the Middle West. C. P. Kimball & Co. of Chicago designed and built this touring Sedan on a Packard twin six chassis for a prominent Western Lumber King.



The open car, rather than the one mounting a closed body, is now the real luxury. Incidentally, it is no longer called a touring car,

but a phaeton, whose ample open comfort is suggestive of long tours, and magnificent mountain scenery. The car shown is a Locomobile.

A four-passenger touring Sedan with collapsible rear quarter; the arm rest dividing the rear seat is removable, allowing room for a fifth passenger when necessary. Amesbury's latest creation mounted on a Cadillac chassis.



In most instances foreign chassis are imported bare, domestic carrossiers creating the bodies. Here is an imitation collapsible landaulet with a vacuum windshield, designed and built by Fleetwood and mounted on an Isotta Fraschini chassis.



THE CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

And New Summer Models In Which The Smart Motorist Answers



*Enduring quality in draperies,
upholsteries and dress fabrics*

THE ADDING MACHINE

(Continued from page 32)

increasing volume of sound) I'm sorry—no other alternative—greatly regret—old employee—efficiency—economy—business—business—business—

His voice is drowned by the music. The platform is revolving rapidly now. Zero and the Boss face each other. They are entirely motionless save for the Boss's jaws which open and close incessantly. But the words are inaudible. The noise is deafening, maddening, unendurable. Suddenly it culminates in a terrific peal of thunder. For an instant there is a flash of red and then everything is plunged into blackness.

SCENE III. The Zero dining room. Along each side of the room seven chairs are lined against the wall. Mrs. Zero is seated at the table, eating, a bungalow apron over her best dress. Zero enters, with movements quiet and abstracted. Columns of figures flash on the walls with his entrance.

MRS. ZERO: (Breaking a silence) Well, it was nice of you to come home. You're only an hour late and that ain't very much. The supper don't get very cold in an hour. An' of course the part about our havin' a lot of company tonight don't matter.

Later, the Ones, the Twos, the Threes, the Fours, the Fives, and the Sixes arrive to spend the evening.

MRS. ZERO: How do, Mrs. One.

MRS. ONE: How do, Mrs. Zero.

This formula is repeated with each woman. Zero silently shakes the hand of each man. The files separate by sexes, the men, excepting Zero, smoking cigars, the women munching chocolates.

SIX: Did you hear the one about the travellin' salesman?

MRS. THREE: My cousin's husband has erysipelas.

MRS. ONE: My boy has fits.

SIX: America for Americans.

WOMEN: America for Americans.

ALL: Damn foreigners. Damn dagoes. Damn Catholics. Damn Sheenies. Damn niggers. Jail 'em. Shoot 'em. Hang 'em. Lynch 'em. Burn 'em. (Rising) "My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty."

MRS. FOUR: Why so pensive, Mr. Zero?

ZERO: I'm thinkin'.

ONE: Well, be careful not to sprain your mind.

The door bell rings. Zero goes, admitting a policeman.

POLICEMAN: We're lookin' for Mr. Zero.

ZERO: I've been expecting you. (Turning to Mrs. Zero). I gotter go with them. You'll have to dry the dishes yourself.

MRS. ZERO: What are they taking you for?

ZERO: I killed the boss this afternoon.

SCENE VI. A pleasant spot in the Elysian Fields. Zero limps wearily along. Suddenly he spies Shrdlu, the man who murdered his mother, seated under a tree.

ZERO: You mean to say they ain't called you for cuttin' your mother's throat?

SHRDLU: No! 'T's terrible—terrible! I was prepared for anything—anything but this.

Daisy arrives, wearing beruffled white muslin, a size too small and fifteen years too young. She is red-faced, breathless and pantingly tells Zero that she has been running after him for days.

ZERO: (Interested) Yeh? What happened? Get hit by a truck or somethin'?

DAISY: No. (Hesitantly) You see—it's this way. I blew out the gas.

Shrdlu, seeing that they wish to be alone, wends his sorrowful way out of the picture. Daisy asks Zero to kiss her. He does.

DAISY: (putting her hands to her cheeks) So that's what it's like. I didn't know it could be like that.

ZERO: (Fondling her hand) Your cheeks are red. They're all red. And your eyes are shinin'. I never seen your eyes shinin' like that before.

Daisy hears music. Zero proposes a dance.

DAISY: (Resisting laughingly) I can't dance. I ain't danced in twenty years. Wait a minute till I fix my skirt. (She turns back her skirts and pins them above the ankles).

ZERO: Say! You oughta wear short skirts all the time.

THEY both laugh. Zero seizes her about the waist. They dance clumsily but with gay abandon. Daisy's hair becomes loosened and tumbles over her shoulders. She lends herself more and more to the spirit of it. But Zero soon begins to tire and dances with less zest.

ZERO: (Stopping at last) Wait a minute! I'm all winded. (He releases Daisy but before he can turn away she throws her arms about him and presses her lips to his).

ZERO: (Freeing himself) Wait a minute! Whew! I sure am winded! I ain't used to dancin'.

(Continued on page 58)



© Stein & Blaine

A Stein & Blaine Fur Coat Always smart—always individual

A luxurious fur coat has just come down from our work-rooms. The matching of the skins is so perfect—the effect so pleasing—that if you are at all interested in a practical coat to stand real wear you should see "Everyday".

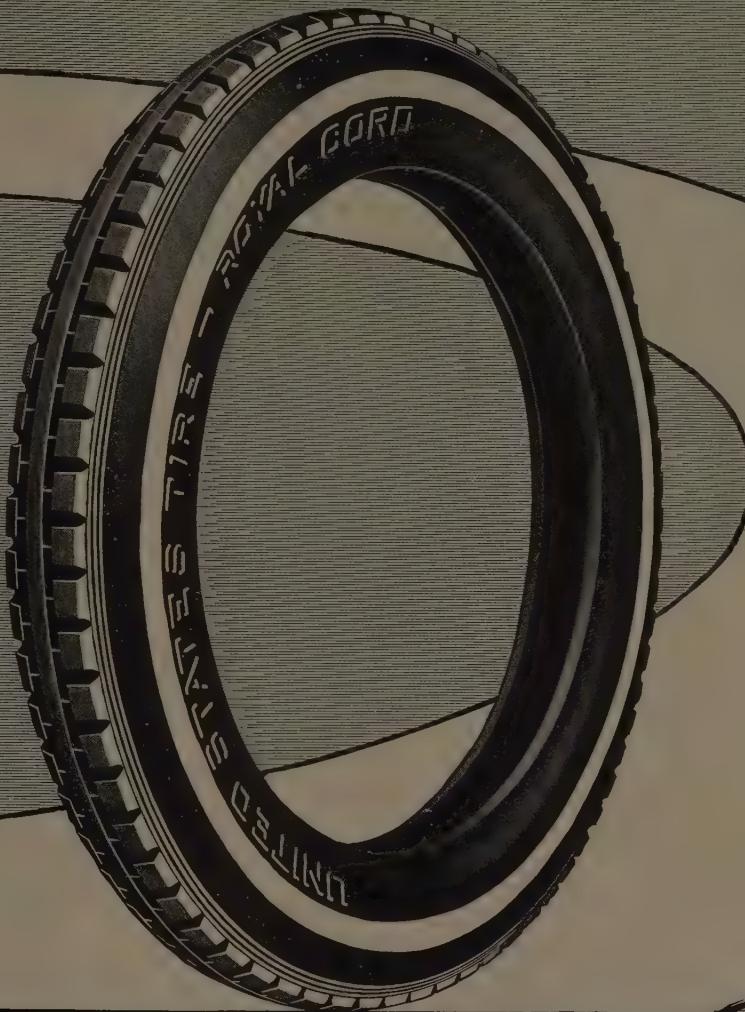
Stein & Blaine

Furriers Dressmakers Tailors
13 and 15 West 57th Street
New York

All point accusingly at Zero.



*One million
new users
will say this year:
"Royal Cords!"*



If this happens to be the year you come over to Royal Cords

THERE'S not much difference between the way a man buys his first U. S. Royal Cord and the way he buys any other tire.

But there comes a time a little later when he thinks back to see how he came to ask for a Royal Cord.

And why he didn't do it sooner.

* * *

If 1923 happens to be the year you come over to Royal Cords you are likely to notice this—

You didn't buy Royal Cords on the strength of any advertised extravagant mileages.

The makers of Royal Cords believe in letting each tire user make his own comparisons on his

own car. That provides every man with the facts in the form most useful to him.

You didn't buy Royal Cords on an impulse. The conviction that the Royal Cord is a good tire had been growing with you for some time.

You didn't buy Royal Cords merely because they are the product of the largest rubber organization in the world.

More than anything else, it has been the simple, understandable policies of the Royal Cord people that have made the Royal Cord seem a tire of personal responsibility.

* * *
It has been the growing understanding among men that Royal Cord value conscientiously out-tops all other tire values today.

United States Tires are Good Tires



Grauman's Egyptian Hollywood Theatre, Hollywood, Calif.

Have You Ever Sat Through an Entire Show in Your Own Theatre?

IT is very seldom that theatre owners or managers have an opportunity of seeing a complete show in their own theatre. Because of other duties needing attention, they seldom occupy a chair more than a few minutes. Naturally, uncomfortable features are not noticed in so short a time. On the other hand, theatre patrons criticise defects and generally find another theatre where the complete program can be enjoyed in comfort afforded by proper seating.

After the tiresome hours of work during the day, the public look forward to relaxation. Theatres should offer this with deep cushioned chairs and other restgiving elements.

Make yours the best. Give the public the benefit of American Seating Company Theatre Chairs.



"Doug" Believes in Comfortable Seating

Here he is with Mr. Grauman setting up American Seating Company theatre chairs in the Grauman's Egyptian Hollywood Theatre. This is their assurance of comfort for an audience.

This is the second theatre chair installation made by us for Mr. Grauman, while a third order follows for the Metropolitan Theatre of Los Angeles, now nearing completion.

American Seating Company

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117 W. 40th Street

BOSTON
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18 E. Jackson Blvd.

PHILADELPHIA
707-250 S. Broad Street

THE ADDING MACHINE

(Concluded from page 56)

DAISY: Just imagine if we could stay here all the time—you an' me together—wouldn't it be swell?

ZERO: No. This place is only for the good ones.

DAISY: Well, we ain't so bad, are we?

ZERO: Go on. Me a murderer an' you committin' suicide? Anyway, they wouldn't stand for this—the way we been goin' on.

ZERO: (When Shrdlu reappears) We don't want people talkin' about us. You better fix your hair an' pull down your skirts.

Shrdlu tells them they can remain there as long as they like.

ZERO: An' there's some here that ain't married?

SHRDLU: Yes.

ZERO: (To Daisy) I don't know about this place, at that. They must be kind of a mixed crowd.

DAISY: It don't matter, so long as we got each other.

ZERO: Yeh, I know, but you don't want to mix with people that ain't respectable.

DAISY: (To Shrdlu) Can we get married right away? I guess there must be lots of ministers here, ain't there?

SHRDLU: There are some. But not as many as I hoped to find. And none

of whom I have ever heard. The two who seem most beloved are Dean Swift and the Abbé Rabelais. They are both much admired for some indecent tales which they have written.

ZERO: Say, what kind of a dump is this anyway?

DAISY: We don't have to bother with them, if we don't want to. We can just sit here together an' look at the flowers and listen to the music.

SHRDLU: (Eagerly) Music! Did you hear music?

DAISY: Sure, don't you hear it?

SHRDLU: No, they say it never stops. But I've never heard it.

ZERO: (Listening) I thought I heard it before, but I don't hear nothin' now.

I guess I must o' been dreamin'.

DAISY: (Pleading) Won't you stay here just a little longer?

ZERO: Didn't you hear me say I'm going? Goodbye, Miss Devore. (Crosses to Shrdlu) S'long, Buddy, I'm going to beat it. This place ain't respectable. (Exits).

DAISY: Without him I might as well be alive.

In Scene Seven Zero has found content at a heavenly adding machine, from which—however—he is finally beguiled by the baby vamp, Hope, into returning once more to earth.



MUSIC

(Concluded from page 36)

virtuoso side of Dohnanyi turned its facet to the public. His playing is intensely musical, and not all pianists are that, really. He has something serene and poised and shining in his playing of Beethoven, Liszt and Chopin. To be dynamic, he does not have to pound.

And he did not force the melody from his own *Marche Hongroise*, nor from his liquidly lovely *Aria*. There was a lifting arrangement of the Delibes *Naiad* waltz, upon which many of us stubbed our fingers in childhood. Dohnanyi is a stimulating pianist. He has poetry, but no sentimentality, and his touch is crisp without ever becoming brittle.

For Frederick Lamond, the pianist from Scotland, who looks like Beethoven, one uses austere words like scholarly; but not accusing words like arid. There is something comfortably definite and decisive in his playing.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

How fortunate that such a great composition as Liszt's *Second Rhapsodie* by such an artist as Paderewski, can be permanently secured on records. Here it is this month on two records just released — the *Second Rhapsodie* which has grown so popular that we often forget its amazingly technical difficulties. Based on the old

"We are lucky to-day," a bright-eyed young usher told me at his last Aeolian Hall recital. That means something for ushers hear more than they ever tell.

With Mengelberg, he played the Tschaikowsky b-flat concerto. They were oddly alike, the short fuzzy-haired conductor from Holland and the equally brief of stature, Lamond. They seemed to get together in an astounding bit of co-operation. If you like that concerto, you admit that its melodies can be too sugared.

But Lamond and Mengelberg would not permit that to happen. They thundered out the final movement so that the audience just managed to keep from rising and behaving with natural enthusiasm, rather than like a crowd of Philharmonic subscribers, who must not let temperament interfere with good concert-hall behavior.

Hungarian dance, the Czardas, the first record is the slow, stern, tragic yet capricious "Lassan," the second, the light, feathery "friska."

No matter how you may have heard Rimsky-Korsakow's *Chanson Indou* (Song of India) in the past, you haven't heard it until you hear Galli-Curci's new record of it.

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OUTSIDE THE "VICIOUS CIRCLE"

(Concluded from page 9)

Thompson, the "Sir Oracle" of the *Commercial Advertiser*, had large followings. The last three critics had some things in common—their love of daring drama, their quickness to perceive new styles in art, their admiration for some great men little known then, and, as a consequence, despised by their less travelled rivals, and their frankness in proclaiming their enthusiasms, or abhorrences.

BACKGROUNDS AND STANDARDS

LONG before John Corbin "discovered" Hauptmann and Sudermann and Ibsen, Meltzer had written pages in their honor in the *Herald*. Long before the smart critic who now holds forth in the *Globe* had read Shaw, Huneker had exhausted him. Vance Thompson knew as much then about Maeterlinck as the whole Drama League now knows or thinks it knows. But, to many, they all seemed a bit too previous. They were regarded as erratic and not "regular."

When Winter spoke of Shakespeare, he spoke learnedly. When Dithmar had to deal with a new comedy, he could compare it—or contrast it, with the old English comedies. Vance Thompson, and Huneker and Meltzer had most foreign plays and actors at their finger-tips. They had seen them and not merely heard of them.

In brief, those critics of an earlier day had just what now seems lacking in their successors. They had backgrounds, standards, and, strange as it seems, they had even ideals. Being human, now and then they were extremists. But—they gave reasons for their faith. They thought and reasoned. They analyzed (at least some did) plays and players when they condemned or praised. And they framed no verdicts in a hole-and-corner "Circle." They were never guilty of exploiting mediocrity or writing piffle.

Not long ago, a survivor of the group I have in mind (he is still active), bumped into a group of actors in a famous chop-house, which I will not go out of my way to advertise. "Here," said one of them, "comes a chap who has roasted more of us than anyone on Broadway." "Quite true," replied a merciful comedian. "But—he always told us why."

If the brethren of that self-named "Vicious Circle" told us why they shout and murmur in their columns; if they thought a little more about technique; if they babbled less of chorus girls and near-stars; if they saw things night by night with clearer eyes and if they read stage history; they might be far more helpful and would vex us less than they now do. They have much talent, three or four of them. They write with ease. But what they write is often not worth reading. It suggests the clever chaff of college boys, not the well-considered thought of earnest critics. Their impressions interest themselves profoundly. They may seem vital to their brethren of the "Circle." To the dear Public, and especially to playgoers, they are not important.

CRITICS SHOULD CRITICIZE

A CRITIC, I submit, should try to criticize. He may be privileged to shout or murmur. In every case, however, he should "tell us why"—not merely laud or damn the things he sees at night.

Lemaitre, a prince of critics, was an impressionist. He scored his points, though, by explaining his impressions. Sarcey, who had more readers, always analyzed. While both, like all good critics, gave the plays of which they wrote infinitely more prominence in their reviews than the players who might happen to interpret them. As a result, the Public did not go to the *Francais* or the *Gymnase* or the *Odéon* to see Monsieur This or Madame That. They went to hear *Andromaque*, *Le Cid*, *Rome Vaincue*, or *Hamlet*. The actors, while attractions, were subsidiaries.

And this, "it seems to me," is as things should be, and as they might be here, on our own Broadway. If—our young critics would not hug their "Vicious Circles" and could persuade themselves to be less egotistical.

Until they change—not their tunes, their opinions (for all critics should be free to say their say), but their expression of those tunes, they will be viewed with much distrust—and some dislike. They shout and murmur. They exclaim and gossip. But they do not reason clearly or convincingly. We might trust them more if they would "tell us why."



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Chopin was in a typical mood when he wrote the F-sharp major *Nocturne*, and Godowsky was in just the right mood when he played it. Sentiment and poignant charm are infused into the Godowsky reading. Crystalline tones and a technique smooth as softest velvet caress this number. On the reverse is the scintillating Dohnanyi *Capriccio*.

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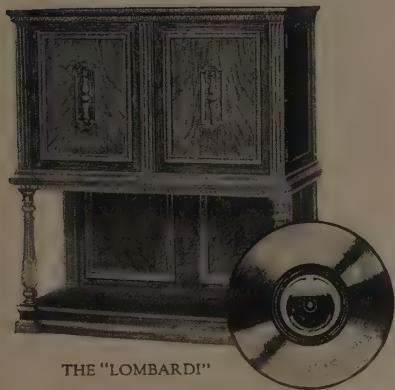
That this new Italian tenor completely won his American audience on the night of his sensational debut as the Duke in "Rigoletto" is attested by the fact that within the next few weeks he sang fourteen performances of the leading roles in "Rigoletto," "Bohème," "Barbiere," "Tosca," "Traviata," and "Anima Allegra." His voice has, to an ideal degree, that warmth, color and dramatic timbre one associates with the Italian school. Music lovers now have the privilege of hearing on a Brunswick Record two of the selections with which Lauri-Volpi drew such a phenomenal outburst of applause on his great "first night" at the Metropolitan—"La donna è mobile" and "Questa o quella," from "Rigoletto," in Italian.

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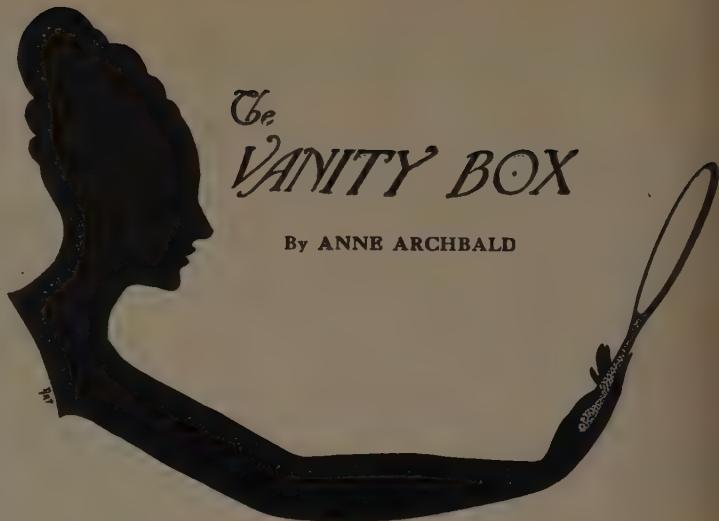
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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD



ONE of the difficulties that we have encountered in our unceasing cult of beauty has been to find something efficacious and reliable for tinting and coloring the hair. You who know, someone addresses us, tell me what to use to put reddish tints in my hair? How can I get back the golden glow of my youth? How can I cover up my graying locks? And in each instance, for answer, we have simply directed the inquirer to the nearest of our pet hairdressers. If you really want satisfactory results, we have had to say, go there. They have the proper appliances and trained skill . . . we know of nothing we can wholeheartedly recommend to the amateur for use at home . . .

So we are tremendously pleased that we have just run to earth something that we now can safely recommend for tinting and coloring and covering up gray hair, something that is, that can be used by any woman at home, without having to rely on the professional assistance of the hairdresser.

We came upon the discovery somewhat by accident, at the photographer's. We were posing Cynthia Cambridge—whose pictures you will find on another page—of John Murray Anderson's musical comedy, *Jack and Jill*, and while she was attiring herself we watched some other lovely members of the company having their pictures taken. One of them had a magnificent head of Titian red hair, and another one of a gorgeous golden blonde hue. There was nothing to suggest that either head of hair was not perfectly natural. But it is our business to be suspicious of everything, and we made some tactful inquiries on the side lines. Voilà the story!

It seems that at a dress rehearsal of *Jack and Jill*, just before its opening, Murray Anderson had called out to one of his tall, beautiful girls:

"You're very charming, my dear, in your frock, but I should like you so much better if your hair was red. I think we'll put you into a red wig."

But it takes time to make red wigs that are of the artistic rightness that Murray Anderson demands. So—

"Would you mind, my child, in the cause of art," inquired Mr. Anderson, "acquiring red hair, for the run of the piece? I really think you'd be handsomer red-haired in everyday life anyway, your skin is so fair."

No, the child would not mind at all, she said. Yes, she knew red hair was becoming. Being a frank child, she added gratuitously, much to the amusement of the company, that once she wanted to make a man "she was crazy about" fall in love with her and she had henna-d her hair for six months. And then another of the lovely children, who had somewhat nondescript brownish hair, picking up that suggestion of "fair skin," thought that she'd like to cash in with her own specialty and inquired, "Don't you think, Mr. Anderson, that my frock would be more striking if I had black hair?" Mr. Anderson was about to assent, but then someone else wished to be included in this changing around and he protested, "You'll go and run up a frightful bill at the hairdresser's," he objected. "We can't stand for that." No, they wouldn't at all, Mr. Anderson, they knew of something wonderful to be used at home . . . it wouldn't cost anything at all. "You're sure it's perfectly safe?" said Mr. Anderson, "and efficacious? All right, go to it . . . let me see you here tomorrow all fixed up." So that was the way that happened.

We lost no time in finding out what was used . . . we tried it ourselves . . . and we can heartily recommend it. It is the preparation of a Frenchman, a powder compound of henna leaves and dye, and there are twelve distinct shades to be had, with explicit directions for applying. The results are extraordinary and delightful, especially for covering up hair that is turning gray.

(For the name of the preparation used by the "Jack and Jill" girls in coloring their hair and where to purchase it, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.)

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and other stories by
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author of
Anatol and Casanova's Homecoming



The Baron von Leisenbohg is Mr. Schnitzler's acknowledged short story masterpiece. Those who have read in The Dial previous stories by the great Viennese raconteur, will appreciate the full importance of this announcement.

In addition to the features listed above, THE DIAL will publish in 1923, essays by Bertrand Russell and Van Wyck Brooks, prose and poetry by William Butler Yeats, a new play by Luigi Pirandello, author of Six Characters in Search of an Author, and a short story by Karel Capek, author of R. U. R.

THE DIAL are magazines for people who are interested in golf, gossip, stock-gambling, politics, travel; for people who want to be amused with sea stories, western stories, funny stories, love stories; for people who like bathing girls, chorus girls, society girls; there are several magazines for people who want to be bored.

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Women of poise have lately learned that Kotex solves a difficult problem. These sanitary pads are available in dry goods, department and drug stores everywhere in the United States. It is well to keep a supply always on hand.

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INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

REINHARDT—SUPREME MASTER OF STAGECRAFT

(Concluded from page 13)

of these two plays, Reinhardt still more emphasized the religious character of his two Salzburg productions by making the old city itself and two of its most beautiful churches the very scene of his religious performances. At the 1921 festival when he gave his memorable open air performance of *Everyman*, Reinhardt erected his stage for this play in front of the stately Salzburg Cathedral, scattering his audience all over the big plaza facing this ancient church. It was a marvelous picture and a most impressive performance. The big doors of the huge cathedral were flung widely open, mysterious music poured forth from the choir inside, while the old church bell provided a striking musical accompaniment to the appearance of the Master and his blessed angels as they walked on the stage from within the cathedral. When the hour of judgment came, the air resounded from the shouts of hundreds of mysterious voices who called the sinner before God's throne, and the chiming bells from the ten or more churches of the city furnished the pompous music for *Everyman's* burial at the end of the play.

CHURCH FOR HIS STAGE

LAST summer, Reinhardt went even further in his quest of novel and striking effects. Whereas in *Everyman* the Salzburg Cathedral had served him as an imposing background for his play, Reinhardt this time utilized the very altar of the old University Church itself as the scene for his performance of *The World Theatre*. The play itself is simple, impressive in its directness of appeal, though somewhat too long and pretentious in view of its plot which seems rather too obvious in our time. Its principal figures—The World, with Loquacity as her servant, The Master (Godfather) and The Antagonist (the devil)—are purely allegoric. The lesson conveyed by their lengthy introductory dialogue is the old truth, long since recognized and expressed by Shakespeare, that "all the world's a stage" on which mankind is permitted for but a few hours to act its tragedies until Death, the grim stage manager, calls them from their scene of activity. The King, The Wealthy Merchant, The Beggar, The Farmer, Beauty, and Knowledge, all live their individual destinies, and at the end Godfather—the dramatic critic, as it were—punishes the rich and evil and rewards the poor and suffering with eternal bliss.

This story, however naive and simple, proves a wonderful vehicle for the Reinhardt stagecraft which verges on the uncanny.

WEIRDLY IMPRESSIVE

THE very sight of the stage—designed by Alfred Roller—its crim-

son red cloth garb contrasting strangely with the dim and mysterious twilight of the church, was weirdly impressive. Soft introductory music—composed by Einar Nilson, the Swedish conductor—pouring forth from the choir on high, at once created the mystic atmosphere required by the mood of the play, and white angels suddenly appearing and quickly disappearing from the various high balconies and loggias of the church, their voices resounding from all corners of the huge building, still strengthened the spirit of the supernatural which constituted the most impressive element of the performance.

DRAMA OF MANKIND

THE World enters, accompanied by Loquacity and announced by a pompous march rhythm, soon afterward joined by The Antagonist with whom she shares the lowest platform of the stage while the middle section becomes the scene of the "drama of mankind" to which The World, Loquacity, and The Antagonist are more or less interested spectators. Godfather with his angels occupies the highest level of the stage, while Death alone stands silently erect aside on a platform of his own and with his bell calls the actors on and off the stage.

Death, the sinister power of the play, is in fact the driving force of all its actions. There is one moment in the piece when Death, beating an invisible drum with his bony fingers, walks slowly across the stage, and when all the poor mortals, King and Beggar, Merchant and Farmer, Beauty and Knowledge, all trembling with awe and fear, start a weird dance to the rhythm of death's march, uttering inarticulate cries, moving abruptly like helpless little puppets governed by a supreme will which pulls the wires of their destinies. It is a crass effect, yet one which will drive the cold shivers down your back and will make you think of your last hour.

CATTERS TO SENSATION

YET this moment of the play, overwhelming as it is in its forcefulness, reveals at once the greatness as well as the dangers of the Reinhardt stagecraft. His imagination, his bigness of conception are beyond dispute. But an effect such as this discloses the secret of Reinhardt's stage wizardry which is, above all, calculated to play on the nerves of a degenerate 20th century audience rather than to appeal to their hearts and minds. Reinhardt constantly speculates on the hysterical instincts of our age which is hungry for sensation. Herein lies, perhaps, the explanation of Reinhardt's romantic career which led him from the stage to the circus ring and which seems to have reached its ultimate phase in a church spectacle which unites elements of both.



The NEW MONTEREY

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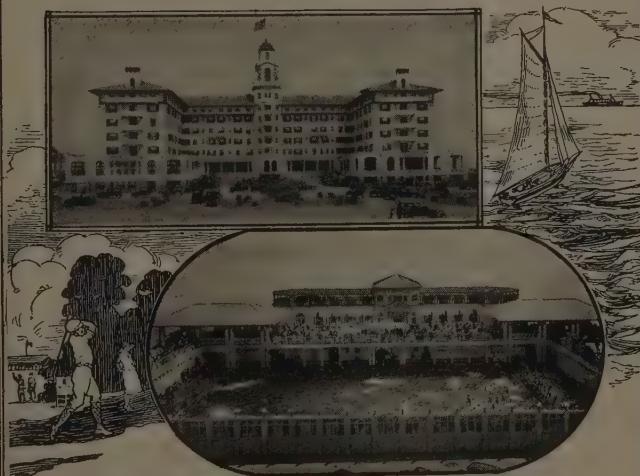
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SMART STYLES FOR COUNTRY WEAR

(Concluded from page 52)

¶

are the new plus-four model cut with the full overlap coming well down on the leg. The stockings worn with this outfit, are a combination of brown shades in a check design, and the shirt is a soft white oxford worn with a white tie.

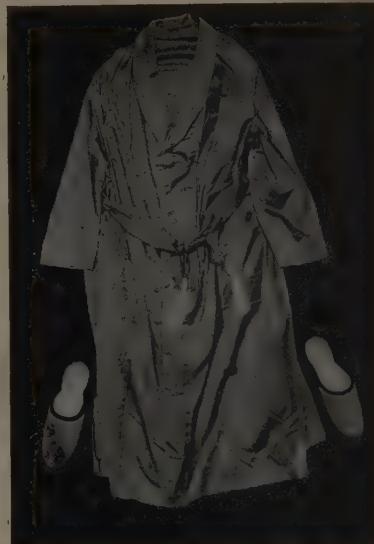
After a hot day on the links, instead of the stiffness of formal dress, men find the costume on page fifty-two an attractive get-up for the little supper or dancing party at the country club. It is cool, has a fresh appearance and is popular with men known for their discrimination in dress. There is a double-breasted grey flannel jacket with white flannel trousers and black patent leather oxfords. The double-breasted coat is usually worn without a waist-coat, and is a welcome change in a variety of dress that is fast gaining public favor. Trousers this season are cut full at the hips, tapering gradually to the knee, where they spread gracefully over the instep. It has usually been customary to wear cuffs with white trousers and it is still quite proper, but it has been observed of late, that the tendency is to wear the trousers straight. The white linen shirt in this figure is being worn with a solid blue silk scarf. The collar is stiff linen, but if one prefers he may wear the new semi-stiff soft collar that is being worn so much these days. Due to the comfortable construction of this new collar, it will be the choice of many as the days get warmer. The hat is a soft panama and when worn turned down about the face, is a very comfortable protection from the hot sun. This hat is usually worn with a band of club colors.

There are many colorful accessories for setting off the country togs, and two good examples, are the combination foulard scarf and handkerchief and the flannel shirt shown on page fifty-two. This shirt is quite the latest thing for country wear and can be purchased in all the smartest pastel shades. The shirt when worn with the foulard tie makes a most pleasing background especially when the scarf contains a few contrasting shades. A new use for the sport handkerchief or bandana is to roll it from opposite corners to use as a belt, for white flannels or linen knickerbockers—the handkerchief being fastened at the

front or at the side with a double knot. A welcome addition to any man's locker at the country club, is the new dressing robe with slippers to match, shown on this page. It is just the thing to slip on after the shower, and can be laundered at will without fear of shrinking.

Two good examples in ready-to-wear apparel that will be worn with country clothes are now being shown in the better retail shops.

Knickerbockers, for instance, are well tailored with the full overlap



A washable dressing robe in pongee, henna, French blue and lavender. Slippers with bindings to match. Robe: Price, \$12.00. Slippers, \$1.00.

and are made of buff, grey flannel and white homespun. These odd knickerbockers, when made up of lighter materials, are set off to good advantage when worn with the new striped belt.

For late evening play on the golf course, the new slip-on sweater with the striped collar is very popular this season. The sweater is made in two weights. The lighter weight is the choice of the golfers, because it is made heavy enough to keep one protected from the cool evening breezes and still light enough not to interfere with the golfers' swing. The heavier weight sweater is more often worn by tennis players. A scarf is seldom worn with the tennis shirt and as the shirt is usually worn open at the neck, the slip-on sweater gives just the right touch of color that is needed.



"It is amusing," remarked the observant flapper, talking about men. "The worldly ones wear these new smart collars—VAN HEUSEN, is it?—in the effort to appear naive, and the slickers wear it so that they may look worldly!"

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(Continued from page 34)



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numbers, \$1,250,000." If this figure is at all in accordance with the facts, the Cosmopolitan Corporation should hang its head—which is the head of Mr. William Randolph Hearst—in shame. A million dollars is a great deal of money; and there are innumerable ways in which this sum might be expended for the benefaction of mankind. The Lincoln Memorial in Washington, which is one of the greatest edifices of all time, cost only, in round numbers, two million dollars; but it will stand, as a citadel of truth and beauty, for the æsthetic delight and spiritual exaltation of countless generations yet unborn. In comparison, how trivial, how almost inexcusable, it seems for any man to squander more than a million dollars in the production of a motion picture which is fundamentally unbeautiful, untrue, and, in consequence, immoral,—a picture which, instead of being exalting and enlivening, is depressing and disgusting!

ENEMIES OF WOMEN

ENEMIES of Women was adapted for the screen by John Lynch from a novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, —the Chambers of Spain. It relates the life-story of a fabulously wealthy Russian Prince who is depicted as the most debauched person in the modern world. This Prince collects women as other amateurs collect postage-stamps or pearls or paintings or first editions; and he is undeterred in his pursuit of selfish pleasure by the outbreak of the World War or by the explosion of the Russian Revolution. Ultimately, however, a little incident which is somewhat stinging to his self-esteem jolts him into the positive act of donning a French uniform shortly before the signing of the armistice.

Lionel Barrymore was hired to depict this Russian Prince; and reels and reels were devoted to a thorough representation of his superlative debaucheries. Joseph Urban was commissioned to spend thousands and thousands of dollars for providing sumptuous backgrounds for the exhibition of a life of super-sin. Alan Crosland, an able director, was employed to make the moral lesson as instructive, in all of its insidious details, as was practically possible.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Hearst has got his money's worth. *Enemies of Women* is an obviously lavish picture. No expense has been spared to tell lies to the poor people of the world about the personal habits of the wealthy and well-born. The production has been cleverly devised to elude the annoying inhibitions of a legislated censorship; yet it is insidiously immoral, because it broadcasts a libel against the truth of life. Furthermore, the picture is extremely dull. Ten minutes of vicarious debauchery may

seem exciting; but two hours and a half of million-dollar sinfulness are likely to make the spectator long for the suburban quiet of a simple little home in New Rochelle.

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS

REX INGRAM is a veritable artist: that is to say, he would surely have asserted himself as an artist in some other medium if the motion picture had never been invented. He has a fine eye for visual effects, a keen sense of the dramatic, and a poetic manner of communicating the indefinable quality of charm to all of his productions.

Where the Pavement Ends is a charming picture. Derived from a short-story by John Russell, called *The Passion Vine*, it authentically suggests the atmosphere of life in some far island of the South Pacific. It tells an intense, dramatic tale, which is concentrated in the spiritual struggles of less than half a dozen characters; but this tale is told with a background of understanding and with several suggestive overtones that transfer it at many moments from the mood of the theatrical to the ampler mood of the epic.

The leading parts are admirably played by Ramon Navarro, Alice Terry, Harry T. Morey, and Edward Connolly—though Miss Terry seems a little too dispassionate in personality for the full depiction of the character assigned to her. The photography, of course, is unusually beautiful.

Where the Pavement Ends—which, because of the imaginative genius of Rex Ingram, creates a genuine illusion of South Sea Island life—was actually photographed in Florida; whereas, *Lost and Found*—a Goldwyn picture which was actually photographed in Tahiti—utterly fails to create any illusion of reality. It would almost seem as if the director, having been authorized to take his company to Tahiti, had twirled his camera at random, in an aimless endeavor to record whatever he could find upon the spot, and had brought back many reels of film to be edited into a picture by the multitudinous experts at the studio.

LOST AND FOUND

THE picture bears evidence of having been revised and altered many times in its passage through the factory. Before it was completed, everybody must have had his fling at the writing, or re-writing, of the story; for the ultimate product is not a living, pulsing narrative, but merely a compromise between a series of compromises. It would therefore be unfair to blame the author, Carey Wilson, for a story which, in its original state, could not possibly have been so mean-
(Concluded on page 69)

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THE SCREEN

(Concluded from page 68)

ingless as the wandering narrative which was ultimately set before the public. But the director, R. A. Walsh, may be blamed for much that happened in Tahiti; and the Goldwyn Studios may be blamed for much that happened in the ultimate cutting and titling of the picture.

But who—one wonders—was permitted to paste upon the final product so banal a label as *Lost and Found*? Mr. Carey Wilson, who has contributed several spirited original stories to the screen, could not possibly have cursed a South Sea island narrative with a main-title so stupid and detractive as that. Possibly the picture was christened, against the unavailing protests of the author, by some stenographer or office-boy who was paid a prize for his happy thought. Such accidents occasionally happen in motion picture factories.

SAFETY LAST

IN his first seven-reel picture, entitled *Safety Last*, that ambitious comedian, Harold Lloyd, has chosen to attack the spinal column instead of contenting himself with the titillation of the funny bone. With the assistance of one or two daring doubles and a great deal of unusually clever trick-photography, he reduces his audience to gasps while he perilously climbs up the forbidding facade of a twenty-story sky-scraper. To follow this hazardous experience vicariously is an adventure that is unquestionably thrilling; but it is not an adventure that is comfortably comic. To register this thrill, Harold Lloyd has been forced to sacrifice something of his stock in trade as an ingratiating funny-man. The introductory reels of *Safety Last*, however, are richly original in comedic invention. In devising comical effects, Mr. Lloyd is less imaginative and suggestive than Mr. Chaplin, but he is even more cleverly inventive. By dint of an intelligent and earnest application to his clownish task of entertainment, Harold Lloyd is rapidly acquiring a world-engirding reputation that almost rivals Charlie Chaplin's; and his future projects will be well worth watching.

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MAIN STREET COMES TO BROADWAY

(Concluded from page 46)

other hand, Bataille, as author, would not mean a nickel to *The Love Child*. Ethel Barrymore would be certain of a good week—her chances jeopardized by a jaded performance of *Declassée* last season—but I doubt the efficacy of sending *Rita Coventry* here. *Merton of the Movies* would fill the theatre, although those who watched it in New York would be desolate if Glenn Hunter failed to appear. The magic of the Cohan name has not been lost and we should be certain to like the production of Goodrich's *So This Is London*. But I hate to think of the scathing letters that would be written about *The God of Vengeance*.

MUSICAL SHOWS POPULAR

MUSICAL shows! There you have us! Our weakness lies in a love of the tinkle. Almost any musical attraction now on Broadway would be good business, providing the company of 100—count them—100—had not been reduced to 26 wearied workers. But it would be easy to predict huzzas of approval for the *Music Box Revue*, the *Greenwich Village Follies*, *Little Nellie Kelly* or the music of *Caroline*.

Jane Cowl's Juliet would stir discussion but would find the majority of theatregoers faithful to Julia Marlowe. R. U. R. would puzzle many and *Six Characters in Search of an Author* would send the orchestra to sleep and delight the balcony. By the end of the week we should like *Ice-bound*, but it would be too late to make the visit profitable. For on the first three nights of an engagement we discuss the possibilities of a visit and the box office never groans under the weight of receipts until the Wednesday matinee has passed. We are not a bad show town—but we have been cheated so often.

Will managers send us these productions? Not if the history of the last twenty-five years serves as basis for judgment. No benevolent eyes view the provinces. "Milk them while you can," is the homely proverb that dictates the managers' bookings. Fourth-rate companies charge first-class prices. The inland city has been viewed for years through the contemptuous eyes of Broadway. The "original New York cast," often contains the actor who played the butler for the last six weeks of the run. Meritorious productions do a reasonable if not exciting amount of business. Mediocre productions have killed much of the demand. We protest at an attraction like *The Gold Diggers* becoming only a pallid reflection of its once robust self. We protest when the original cast of a play is offered with actors so disgruntled through a long association that an indifferent performance results. Half the time we can tabulate the thoughts of artists as they loaf through their roles, their minds on tomorrow's golf

game, the party after the performance or the repairs needed on the little home on Long Island. *The Emperor Jones*, which requires but one efficient player beside Charles Gilpin, comes with an inadequate Smithers and the point of the whole first act is lost. Lady Helen Haden has wearied of her champagne death by the time *Declassée* reaches us. Even Fred Stone no longer is his buoyant self and the performance is "let down." Christmas week provides *The Man Who Came Back*, inexpressibly saddened by his jauntings since 1916. Proud beauties of a musical comedy chorus regard us with jaded and appraising eyes as they trail through their numbers, affronted by our mid-west gaucherie.

We have our consolations. We may view *Friendly Enemies* with a setting remembered from *Potash and Perlmuter*, but we are rewarded by watching Eugene O'Brien upholding the purity of motion pictures in *Steve*. Holbrook Blinn may cancel his tour just as we are about to watch *The Bad Man*, but how many New Yorkers have opportunity to witness that sterling favorite, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with two Marks, two Topsies and a pack of man-eating bloodhounds? We may be denied *Anna Christie* and *The Hairy Ape*, but do not our University students offer the first performance in America of *Dunsany's If?* We may have no chance to see John Barrymore in *Hamlet*, but we also have escaped *The Demi-Virgin*.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR ACTORS

AND we thumb our noses derisively at New York when some particular discovery is made and say gleefully, "We Knew Them When—" Didn't we predict a Broadway career for Marjorie Rambeau when she was playing on vaudeville circuits in the playlet from which *Kick In* afterward was made? Didn't we watch Al Jolson and Frank Tinney long before their names went in the electric lights? Wasn't Lenore Ulric acclaimed by us in *The Bird of Paradise* ere Belasco heard her name? Didn't we watch Charlotte Greenwood give her legs their first twirl on their introduction to "big time vaudeville"? Didn't we know the talents of Raymond Crane before he became Peggy Wood's comedian in *The Clinging Vine*? Wasn't John Colton a talented Minneapolis dramatic critic before he journeyed to New York to write *Drifting and Rain*? Wasn't Lee Baker's future foreshadowed by us before he reached Broadway? Didn't we know Marilyn Miller when she was the youngest member of the Five Columbians? Wasn't Edith Day singing illustrated songs in our picture theatres before Al Jolson gave her a chance? These are things that comfort us as we hasten to the ticket window to buy seats for *Mutt and Jeff in Society*.

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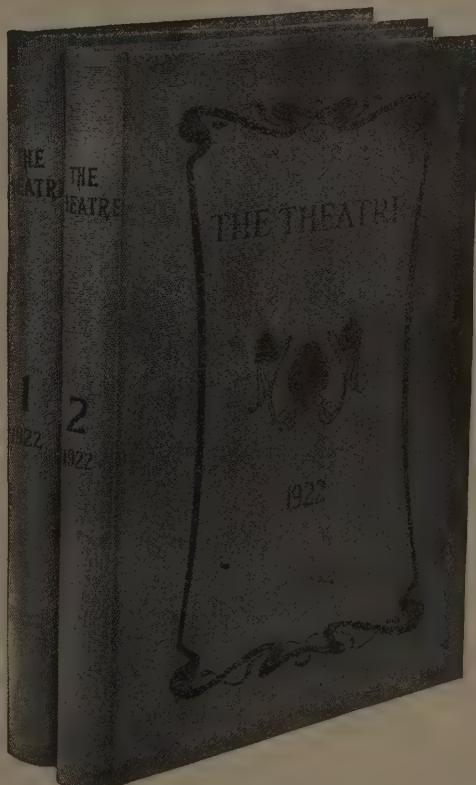
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The two plays presented were *The Sorcerers of Nambé*, by Colonel R. E. Twitchell, and *The Healer*, by Warren E. Rollins. Colonel Twitchell is an authority on Spanish history in the southwest and he took the historical facts concerning the trial of certain Pueblos of Nambé away back in 1670, by the Spanish governor, on the charge of sorcery and without twisting a single incident, made an excellent little three-act drama. The most unique feature of the play aside from its powerful and colorful drama, and its unfailing historical accuracy, was the fact that the trial in the last act took place in exactly the same spot where the historical trial had taken place nearly three hundred years ago. Into both plays were introduced, logically and picturesquely, certain war ceremonial dances of the Pueblos, danced by the Indians who are themselves direct descendants of the Indians of 1670, and whose homes and habits are little changed to this day.

The other play, *The Healer*, pictured vividly an incident in the wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca and his companions in the years between 1532 and 1539. Mr. Rollins, the author, is the pioneer among the now famous colony of Santa Fe artists. Mr. De Huff, superintendent of the U. S. Indian School at Santa Fe, was in charge as director.

This little open air theatre was used throughout the 1922 Fiesta. It is

roofed and reasonably well equipped but still in keeping with the primitive Indian and early Spanish culture it proposes to show forth. It was the scene of many weird and beautiful Indian dances last September—dances which are not mere performances, but real, religiously symbolic ceremonials of a mystic people.

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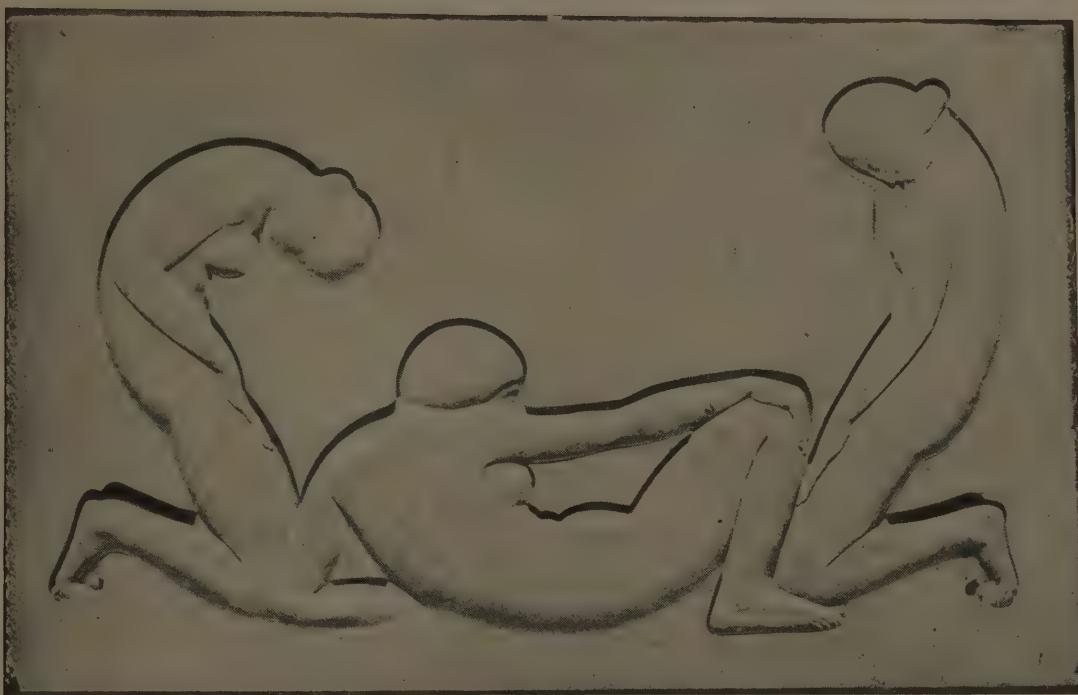
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Cover Design by Homer Conant

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

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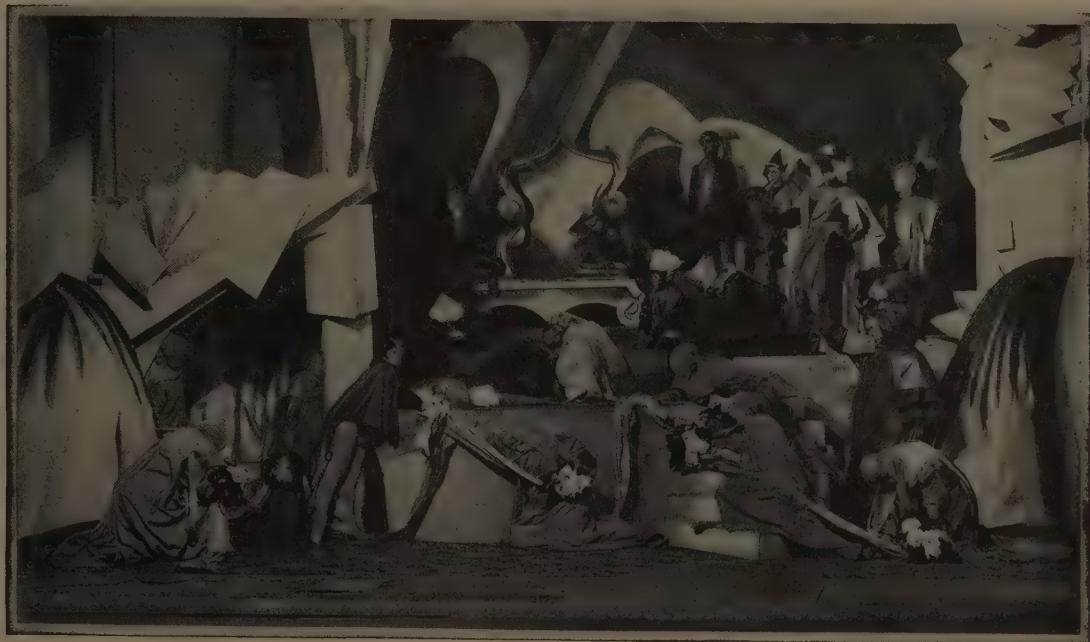
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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: By special arrangement with the producers and publishers we shall offer *The Fool*, as the next in our series of Broadway Success condensations. Channing Pollock, author of *The Fool*, also contributes an unusual article called "Not For Pleasure Only" & "Sasha and the Guitrys"—a delightful story of the most famous continental theatrical family, whose plays have already been seen and who may be seen themselves on Broadway before long & "Why Masks?"—a story on that fascinating subject—the dramatic mask of expression, by Oliver M. Sayler & "Houdini—the Man of Mystery"—an old favorite seen in a new light & Other features, departments and pictures galore.

Cover Design by E. Glass

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

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It is now announced that the next great European dramatic attraction to visit America will be Max Reinhardt, the noted German designer-director whose impress on the theatre has already been felt in native productions. He is expected to arrive with his company before the season closes. In this connection the above picture illustrating one of Reinhardt's recent achievements is of interest. It shows the allegoric figures of Beauty, Royalty, and Wealth in his production of *The Great World Theatre*, placed in coffin-like shells between candles as a suggestion of their inevitable doom—Death.

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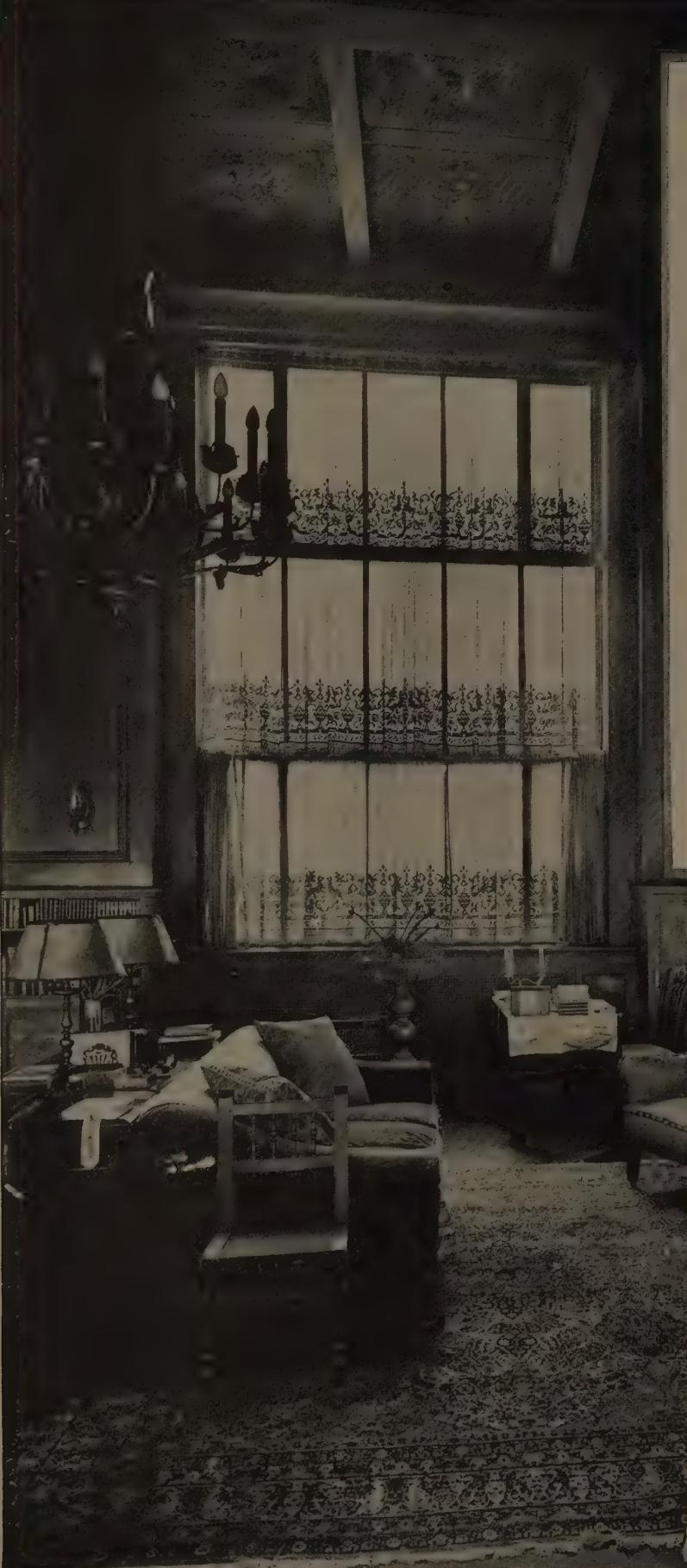
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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: A fascinating and highly personal story, *My Memories of Oscar Hammerstein*, by the well-known tenor, Orville Harold. A further jaunt in "Brightest England" by Carlton Miles, this time to the home of Sir Arthur Pinero. The *Actor's the Thing*, an amusing parody on dramatic criticism as it might be written, were the players entrusted with the task. Stanislavsky, the *Man and His Methods*, a close observation of the director-artist whose company has enthralled New York. The usual wealth of features.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

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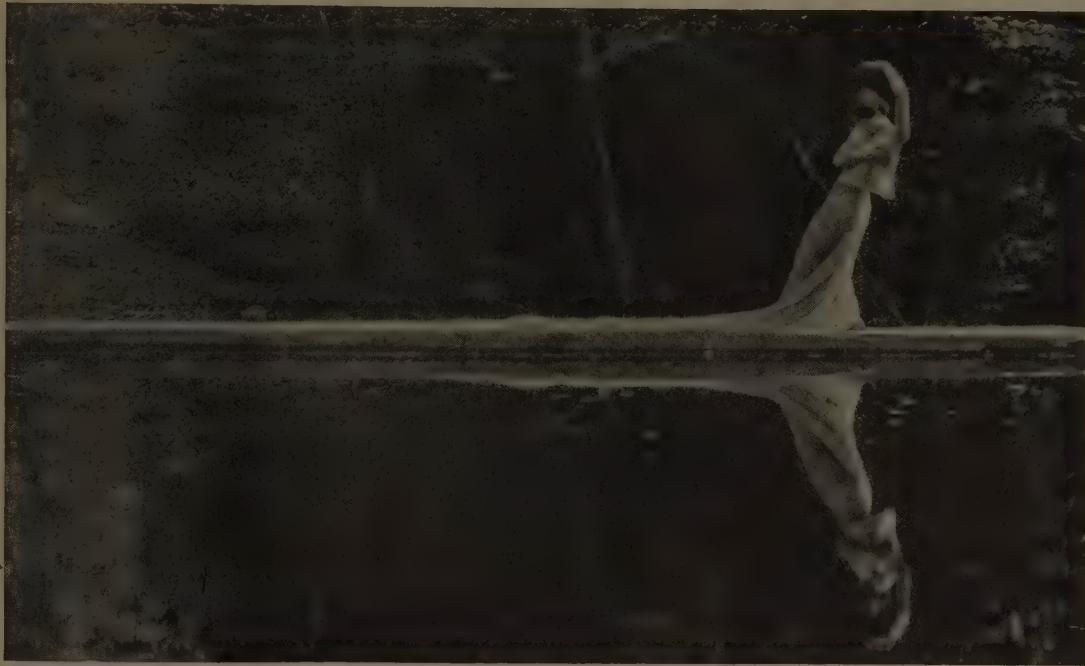
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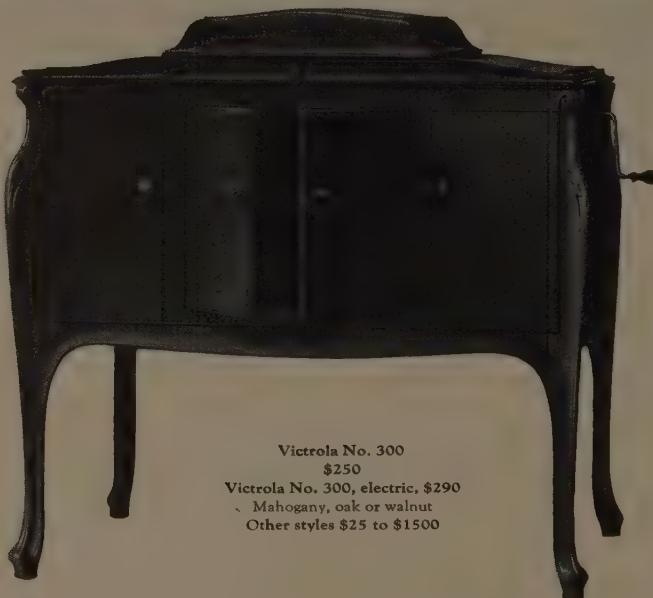
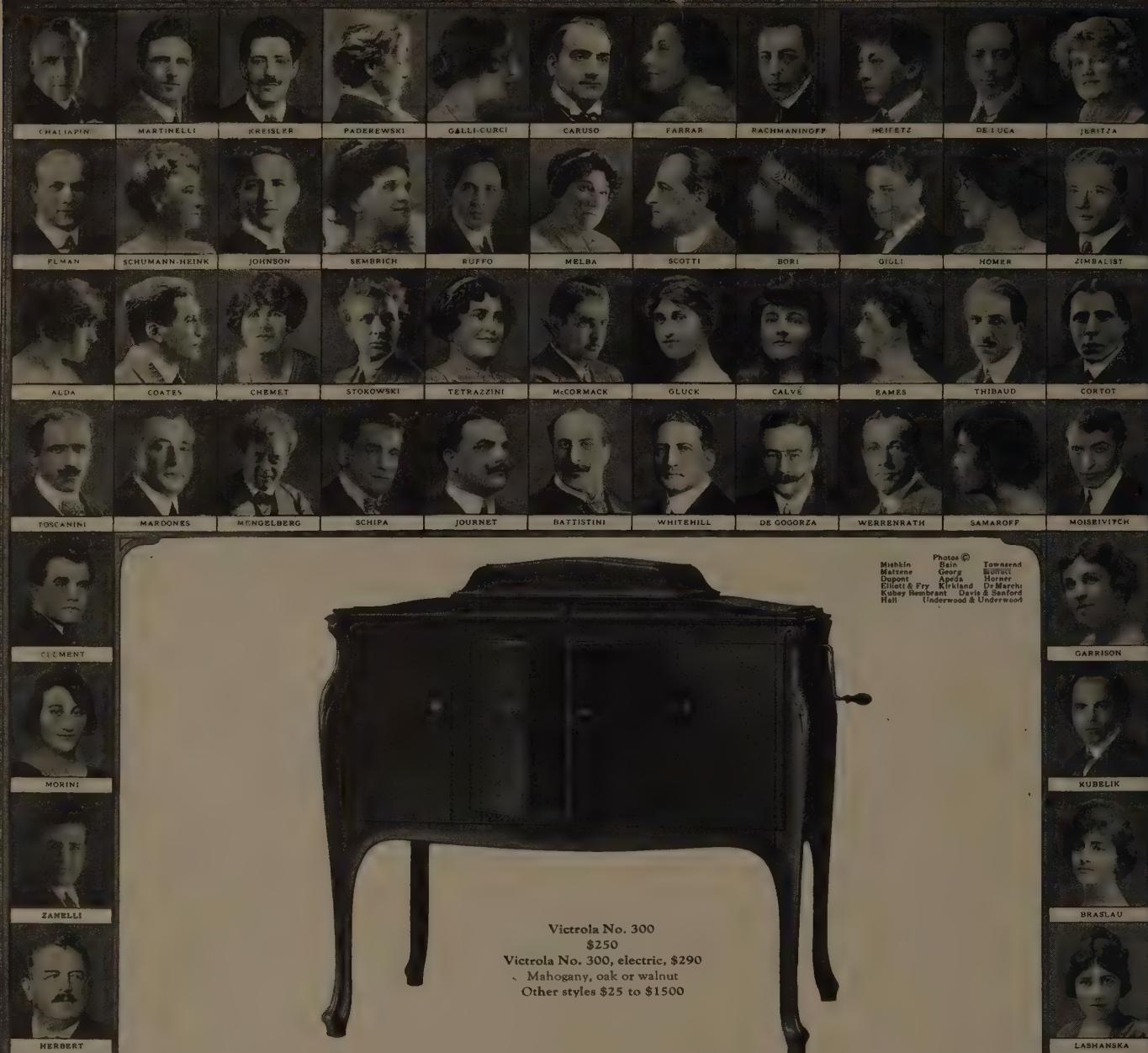
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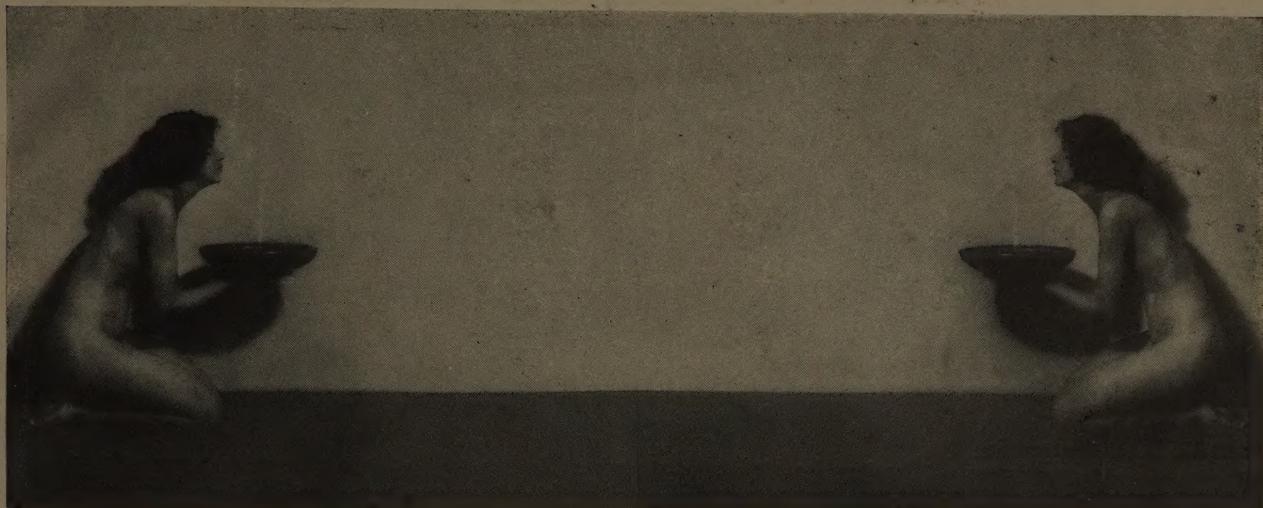
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F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

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